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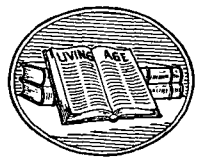

Vol. 16
Eighth Series

CONTENTS

Wanted: Government for Ireland . . . . . G. BERNARD SHAW 507
From the IRISH STATESMAN
The True Motives of the D'Annunzio Conspiracy . R. SETON-WATSON 512
From the NEW EUROPE
An Interview with Lenin . . . . . W. T. GOODE 518
From the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
The Finder of Lost Things: A Story . . . . . EDMUND CANDLER 521
From BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE
American Friendship for France . . . . . HENRI BORDEAUX 530
From FRANCE-ETATS UNIS
Listen . . . . . WALTER DE LA MARE 532
From the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

When Claudia Smiles 533
From PUNCH
Getting About 535
From the SPECTATOR
Teaching the History of To-day . . . . . A SCHOOLMASTER 537
From the DAILY TELEGRAPH
Age, I Do Abhor Thee! 540
From the NEW STATESMAN
The Churches in the War 543
From the NATION
Geneva and the League of Nations . . . . . 'A GENEVAN' 547
From LE JOURNAL DE GENEVE
Development of Anglo-American Friendship . . . . . W. L. GEORGE 548
From the LANDMARK
Crazed . . . . . WALTER DE LA MARE 550
From the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

The Runaway . . . . . R. TAGORE 551
From the CALCUTTA REVIEW
Sonnet . . . . . THEODORE MAYNARD 561

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

Taxing War Fortunes . . . . . HAROLD COX 562
From the SUNDAY TIMES
Talk of Europe 564
A New Play at the Albey Theatre — Too Late — Stevenson's Silver Ship — Martello Towers For Sale — The English Church and Spiritualism.
The Editor's Note-Book 567

A PAGE OF VERSE

The Old Mole Trapper . . . . . JAMES A. MACKERETH 568
From TO-DAY
The Changeling . . . . . EDWARD SHANKS 568
From TO-DAY
Portrait . . . . . FRANCIS REEVES 568
From the ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW

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THE LIVING AGE
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WANTED: GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

ALL the regular old Unionists in Ireland tell you that what Ireland wants is a few years of strong resolute government. They are perfectly right. Why they should limit their prescription to a few years, as if Ireland might thereafter be abandoned to anarchy or to feeble irresolute government, I do not know; and probably they do not either; but there can be no mistake about the present need. Ireland actually wants strong and resolute government parliamentarily, and will stand much more of it than the English, who are all at heart anarchists, and will put up with the utmost evil that human nature can bear if the only remedy be good government. The Irish are not like that: they understand law and like it. One can see it in their litigiousness. A quite considerable little country town in Engand will get on quite well with one lawyer visiting it twice a week. A town of half its size in Ireland will support six solicitors in flourishing practice. We can stand Brehon law, Roman law, Canon law, and any other law we can discover or invent, all piled on top of one another: the more the merrier. We join orders and chain ourselves with vows for the sake of a little more regulation. Our objection to being chastised by England with whips is probably at root that it prevents us from chastising ourselves with scorpions.

We may, therefore, agree with the old Unionists with great heartiness in their advocacy of resolute government and plenty of it. How is it to be brought to pass?

Everyone who is not an idiot will admit, to begin with, that no government can be strong, or indeed govern at all, without the consent and cooperation of the governed. Laws are enforced, not by the police, but by the citizens who call the police when the law is broken. If the citizens connive at breaches of the law and shield the lawbreaker instead of denouncing him, it is all up with the government. The executive may refuse to admit checkmate for a time. If it has sufficient man-power at its disposal it can bring about a state of things in which out of every five persons in the country one is a spy, one a policeman, and two are soldiers. If it has sufficient money it can put the whole population in prison and support them there. But that is not governing: it is mere coercion,

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destructive to production, incompatible with prosperity, ruinous alike to the coercer and the coerced. It cannot settle the country, develop the country, secure property and person in the country, satisfy the country, or, in short, achieve any of the ends of government. This is so obvious that the advocacy of such coercion by sane men will be taken as evidence of a design to ruin the country, and a very stupid one when the circumstances are such as to make it impossible for even a Cromwell to go through with the process.

A government, then, can govern just as much as the people will allow it to govern, and not a bit more. It may have troops and tanks and aeroplanes and Mills bombs enough to wipe out the whole population; but govern them it cannot. When the man who disobeys its orders and slays its officers to avoid arrest can depend on his neighbors not to denounce him, and is assured by his spiritual adviser that he is justified in resisting, even to that extremity, the authorities can proclaim districts, can shoot and bludgeon and arrest and imprison those whom they can catch redhanded; but they cannot keep the peace: they can only break it; and as to constructive measures, the mere suggestion is laughable. In a word, such a government is miserably weak, irritable, mischievous, and perpetually at its wits' ends. Its strength is as useless to it as the strength of a bull in an arena: it can gore a horse here, toss a picador there, and even kill the matador if he attacks before it is tired out; but it is never for a moment master of the situation; and the end, however long it may be delayed, is foredoomed.

All this sounds like an extract from *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, and I apologize to the universe for offering it to grown-up people as if they did not know it already. But our Unionists do not seem to know it; and the poor English whom they bully so scandalously are afraid to say it. The Castle clings to a feeble plausibility given to its impotence by the fact that civilized men know that they must keep a certain minimum of order spontaneously if business is to be carried on at all; so that common thieves are still denounced to the police though rebels are not. When a rebel is by chance caught out by the authorities, the laugh is undeniably on their side: the prisoner may put on his hat and 'refuse to recognize the Court'; but as the Court can immediately knock his hat off and handcuff and browbeat and imprison and ruin him, its triumph is very real and his defiance depressingly Platonic. But what about the man they have not caught, and will never catch — the man who has a gun and has used it, who is known to everyone in the town, except to the police and military, as an active rebel, the man who remains at large and trusted by the infatuated British garrison because the citizens are on his side? The Castle loves the old saying, that the Irish conspirator is a figure of farce; and that criticism is quite true if it be confined to the Simon Tappertits who form secret brotherhoods and leagues, take oaths, drink out of a skull if one can be found, and perhaps send a bullet through a policeman under the impression that they are dealing a deadly blow at the British Empire. Such conspirators are found everywhere among romantic *poseurs*. Simon Tappertit was an Englishman; and I have known men who held monthly meetings of Leagues of the Proletariats of the World, three or four strong, throughout the years when England's prosperity was said by Gladstone to be increasing by leaps and bounds, with presidents, minute books, registers of tyrants to be ex-

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terminated (after the taste of Madame Defarge), and all complete. The number of branches of the International formed in France in the eighteen-sixties by the police agents of Napoleon III must have filled the Castle with envy; and the climaxes, when every police agent threw off his wig, and, seizing the other police agent, declaimed, 'I am Hawkshaw the detective,' must have been thrilling. These conspiracies of playboys may win promotion for their promoters, and perhaps make Castle officials feel clever; but they are only child's play: the really formidable conspiracy is the conspiracy of the whole nation, acting spontaneously without brotherhoods or oaths or indictable evidence of any kind.

Such a conspiracy seems to be as completely realized in Ireland at present as it ever can be within the limits of political possibility. The government calls our attention to ten Sinn Feiners in handcuffs, and cries melodramatically, 'Beware!' We call their attention to a million Sinn Feiners not in handcuffs nor likely to be, and cry, less impressively but more sensibly, 'Get out!'

It is a situation not good for business, to say the least. No man with a business scheme in hand feels sure either that Sinn Fein will let him carry it out, or, if he squares Sinn Fein, that the military authorities will let him carry it out. Business schemes cannot easily be hidden either from the police or the people; and they can be both proclaimed and boycotted. He who attempts to do anything out of the beaten track is as likely as not to be suspected by the Castle of being a Sinn Feiner, and by Sinn Fein of being 'an exterminator of the Irish race.' What are the business men of Ireland going to do about it? They need law and order, security for reasonably established expectation, free markets, free transit, normal neighborliness. The Castle Government is utterly unable to give these things to them. Sinn Fein chuckles over their uncertainty. The Castle does not understand their position, being too gentlemanly to have any knowledge of business. Things are going from bad to worse; yet the business men do not wake up: political Ireland is a sort of flaming corona with an eclipsed centre. It seems silly, does it not?

Will our Chambers of Commerce be good enough to think it over from the strictly business point of view? If they are satisfied, there is nothing more to be said as far as they are concerned. If not, had they not better make themselves felt a little?

There is at first sight something to be said for the blessed word Devolution. In the London House of Commons, when you want to do anything, you must persuade the lymphatic majority that you are not doing it. And if, as is more often the case, you want to avoid doing anything, you must persuade the mercurial minority that you are doing it. Thus, when it at last became evident to the more intelligent Unionists that Home Rule was inevitable, they had to find a plausible disguise for it. As a measure of satisfaction for Irish national sentiment it would have provoked the Unionists to die in the last ditch (in the persons of their agents and of the Royal Irish Constabulary and its military auxiliaries) sooner than vote for it. But as a measure of relief for an overworked British Parliament it could be presented as an obligation of our common humanity. Surely such minor but time-consuming duties as the administration of the islands off the British coast could be shifted from the Atlas shoulders of the British Government by bringing Ireland into

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line with the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, and thus 'devolving' her affairs upon local bodies. After all, Sherky Island in the Kenmare River is governed, not from Westminster, but by its king, whose bodyguard, consisting of a single vigilant and energetic bull, repels invasion and maintains order much more effectively than the multitudinous battalions on the mainland, with their tanks and aeroplanes and gas bombs and machine guns. Why not, then, call Home Rule Devolution, and move the second reading in an affecting speech showing that Devolution, far from being the repudiation of the Union, is its inevitable consummation as a Union of Hearts? The Nationalists would vote for it because it was Home Rule; the Unionists would vote for it because it was n't; and the British public would applaud it as statesmanlike, the popular British conception of sensible statesmanship being Humbug All Round. This seems so simple and conciliatory and satisfactory to all parties that I feel bound to explain why, when some of the most amiable and intelligent Unionists said, 'Surely here is the solution of the Irish question,' I had to sing sadly, 'Not there, not there, my child.'

What the Irish want is the freedom of their country. Now, you cannot make either a country or an individual free by making out a list of the things they are to be allowed to do. The list would take fifty years to think out, five to copy out, and five hundred to debate in Parliament item by item. And even then it would be absurdly incomplete, as it would be concerned with every conceivably possible human activity, and nobody could remember half of them. The thing simply cannot be done. What can be done is to make out a list of the things that free men are always willing to agree not to do for the sake of living in a stable society where their persons and properties are safe, and of the things they are always willing to do at their common expense to enforce and administer the arrangement. Such an agreement establishes freedom, not by binding its signatories to do certain specified things, and not to do certain other specified things, but by leaving them free to do everything else they please. It is to secure order and peace for the exercise of this general freedom that they accept the limitations set up by the agreement; and they are so jealous of their freedom that they never put half the things into it that ought to be there. That is why every Irishman and every Englishman is to-day free to do several things for which in an intelligently organized community he would be deservedly hanged. There are crimes, and very serious ones, which nobody will consent to penalize, because everybody hopes to commit them.

That, however, is not my present point, which is that the question whether a man is free or not turns, not on the number of laws, positive or negative, which he has to obey, but on his sphere of action outside these laws. If he may not do anything except what the law expressly authorizes or enjoins, then he is a slave, no matter how generous the code may be. If he may do everything except what the law expressly forbids him to do, he is free, no matter how Draconian the code may be. His residual rights, not his legal obligations or disabilities, are the test. The children who have to run to their parents for leave when they want to do anything are not free. 'Mother, may we go out?' 'What do you want to go out for?' 'Only to see the Lord Lieutenant, mother.' 'Certainly not. Stay at home and learn your lessons.' 'Well, may Tim and Con go out, mother?' 'What do they want to go out for?' 'To throw stones

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at the police barrack, mother.' 'They may, darling; and you may go with them.' 'Oh, thank you, dear mother. Come on, Tim. Con, don't forget your catapult.' That is a slave dialogue. The free child goes out without asking leave, and cheers Lord French or throws stones at the police barrack just as it pleases. Usually it does both.

If the definition of freedom is now quite clear, it will be seen that it is easier to enslave a nation politically than to enslave an individual personally. It is virtually impossible to prevent a living person from doing anything without a permit: even the child and the henpecked husband of whom the neighbors say that they hardly dare to breathe and cannot call their souls their own, could not survive if they never acted without orders. But it is quite easy to enslave a legislative body, and through it the nation for which it legislates. Poynings's law (which was leveled at the garrison, by the way, and not at the aborigines) enslaved the Irish Parliament by forbidding it to do anything without the leave of the British Crown.

When the enfranchisement of the Dominions began with Canada, the question on which freedom depends: namely, which party is to have the residual powers, was hardly raised. Those were early days for democracy; and the residual powers were left technically to England. But when the turn of Australasia came the tide of democracy was at the flood. Half of North America had broken loose from the British Crown and achieved its independence. This had been followed by the French Revolution, and by a series of Reform Acts in London which had reversed the assumptions on which the Canadian settlement had proceeded. Australasia demanded the residual powers, and obtained them. And it has made a staggering use of them by introducing a mass of labor legislation which could not possibly have been authorized from London, where such activities were still undreamed of. Canada quietly and unconsciously assumed residual powers. If any constitutional lawyer said to any Canadian premier that Canada had no power to pass such and such a measure, the premier had only to ask, 'What will happen to us if we, nevertheless, pass it?' The lawyer had to reply that nothing would happen except that the measure would become law, and that England would take it lying down rather than provoke Canada to declare her independence or join the United States. Thus Canada was able to attack English industries by hostile tariffs, quite as vigorously as England had attacked Irish industries, without fear of being reminded that England could retaliate presently by insisting on Canada keeping within her devolved powers.

But if Ireland were misled by the cry of Dominion Home Rule into accepting a settlement on the original Canadian lines instead of on the Australasian ones, England could and certainly would play the very deuce with her by declaring any Irish measure *ultra vires* unless there were a clause covering it in the Home Rule Act.

The bearing of this on Devolution is now, I hope, apparent. To a nation seeking its freedom Devolution means no more than 'Good doggie! you may carry my stick.' It leaves all the residual powers with England, and puts upon Ireland the burden of such legislative jobs as the London House of Commons is too busy or too lazy or too stupid to find time for. It is rather like profit sharing in the industrial world: an ingenious method of making the worker sweat himself to save his employer trouble. It would be as great a relief to the London Parlia-

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ment as the engagement of a valet is to an old-fashioned gentleman who has hitherto brushed his own clothes. But to Ireland it would be an affirmation of her slavery and an aggravation of it by putting upon her the drudgery of government without the freedom to govern herself as she pleases. It would unload part of England's job on to Ireland without making it Ireland's job. And Ireland's inevitable reply is, 'We won't have it.' For, regarded merely as a cue for the band, that formula suits 'The Wearing of the Green' quite as well as 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past.'

If we are to remain in the British Commonwealth voluntarily, we will remain on exactly the same terms as England. First, we must be free as England is free: that is, we shall order our national life in our own way to our own taste over the whole range of it that is not touched by our treaty with the Commonwealth. That treaty will bind us, as it will bind England and the Dominions, to do certain specified things, to refrain from doing certain other specified things, and to accept a certain specified division of labor in public work between the states of the Commonwealth in matters affecting the whole organism. Outside that contract our relation to England will be that of France to England or the United States to Switzerland: that is, the relation of one grown-up man to another. What it will be inside the contract will depend on the covenants; but it will be like the relation established by the Australian contract as distinguished from that established by the original Canadian contract in respect of the residual powers.

And so, Devolution, good-bye. Please don't call again.

The Irish Statesman, October 25

THE TRUE MOTIVES OF THE D'ANNUNZIO CONSPIRACY

BY R. SETON-WATSON

With the Italian raid upon Fiume, the Adriatic question has entered upon yet another and still graver stage. The prospect of a just or even satisfactory settlement was compromised as long ago as 1915 by the Secret Treaty of London, and all attempts at settlement are merely attempts to liquidate that treaty's fatal legacy. To-day, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to remain silent indefinitely while a few buccaneers try to hold Europe to ransom; and there are many signs that the Allies and America are no longer disposed to regard delay as a solution. The straightforward and open language of Signor Tittoni regarding the realities of the whole situation is one good symptom amid so much that is disquieting; but it is quite useless to shut our eyes to the fact that bourgeois public opinion in Italy, while a little nervous as to the possible effects of such rank indiscipline, at heart approves Garibaldi's pinchbeck imitator, and is *not* ashamed of what is really a

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shameless attempt to blackmail the Allies. In the present article I propose to write with that entire frankness which the occasion seems to me to demand, and in the belief that our relations with Italy cannot be cleared up by mere appeals to the traditions of Dante and Ariosto, and that the application of homœopathic methods where swift surgery was needed has done much to bring us all to our present pass.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the arguments against the frontiers assigned to Italy by the Treaty of London, and in favor of an Italo-Jugoslav compromise such as would give Gorizia, Trieste, Pola, and a large section of Istria to Italy, and Liburnia, Fiume, and Dalmatia to Jugoslavia. As I have already pointed out, the only line which could serve as a durable frontier — and also the line which represents the maximum concession of expert American opinion, after the most mature and careful study of the problem — is one which runs from the gorge of the Arsa, in South Istria, to the Triglav watershed on the north, Zara meanwhile becoming a free city, and Italy acquiring at the most a couple of islands. As a final proof of their conciliatory attitude, the Jugoslavs were prepared to consent to the project put forward late in August, by which the actual city of Fiume also became Italian territory, while the port and railway were placed under the League of Nations, and their incontestably Slav surroundings remained in Jugoslavia. This scheme, which would have honorably secured the *italianità* of Fiume against all dangers, might perhaps have been accepted by the Nitti Government, but was not acceptable to the Italian Nationalists, who are trying to 'rush' the situation. To them, self-determination means that Italy is entitled not only to include Susak and the surrounding communes in the unit of Fiume, and thus to annex an actual Slav majority, but also to establish Fiume's territorial continuity with Italy through purely Slav territory, and to deny the same right of self-determination to half a million of Slovenes and Croats.

There is a perfectly definite conspiracy to defy Europe or to jockey it into accepting an unjust *fait accompli*. Signor Gaetano Rapagnetta, who masquerades under the name of the Archangel Gabriel of the Annunciation, is in plain fact the tool — unconscious, it may be — of militarist and financial interests of the many thousand officers to whom demobilization and Adriatic peace merely mean the end of a career, and of the business men who hope to make of Trieste the centre of an Italo-German *rapprochement*, and, by controlling Fiume, also to dominate the export trade of the Balkans and the Danube valley. D'Annunzio himself is merely translating into politics that spirit of license and disorder which has long made him the foremost decadent in European literature. A superb style cannot excuse the vile taste of many a speech and article, and there are few poets who have less right to invoke 'the God of Dante.' Whether he realizes it or not, he has certainly done more than most men to promote in Italy what are conveniently known as Bolshevist ideas. He has deliberately unchained a movement which, in the words of the leading organ of Milanese opinion, 'threatens to rob the responsible government of its power over the army,' and has thus promoted within its ranks that *disagio spirituale* to which the Italian Premier recently alluded. Colossal vanity and a love of theatrical display may have blinded him to the fact that he was playing with fire. But even he seems to have been disconcerted when,

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at a dinner given in his honor by the *Arditi* officers of Fiume, a certain Captain Vecchi made a revolutionary speech demanding an Italian Constituent Assembly, instead of the existing parliamentary régime. D'Annunzio, it is true, at once retorted with a programme of 'Order and Faith'— certainly neither the 'order' of the army nor the 'faith' of the Church — but this does not alter the fact that in his neighborhood there are definite tendencies in favor of dynastic upheaval, whose consequences could not be foreseen. Signor Turati, the leader of the official Socialists, had every right to assert in the Chamber that 'the day on which military sedition triumphed, no government could maintain itself by bayonets, and revolution would be inevitable.'

Some of the extreme advocates of Italian claims are trying to confuse Western public opinion by ascribing American opposition over Fiume and Dalmatia exclusively or predominantly to occult financial influences. Of course in public they dare not sail nearer to the wind, but behind the scenes they waste no chance of spreading the impudent insinuation that President Wilson has no principles, and that oil and shipping and railway magnates dictate his policy to him. Moreover, a few writers of real distinction and independence have published articles such as the uninformed might regard as lending color to this lie. For instance, M. Millioud, in the *Gazette de Lausanne*, has recently asserted that an American shipping company, with a capital of $35,000,000, is interested in the harbor of Fiume, that an American firm has secured a 50 years' contract for the Jugoslav railways, that the Roumanian Government is preparing to make over its railways also to the Americans, and that the Standard Oil Company has not only secured a virtual monopoly in Czecho-Slovakia, but is aiming at a similar position in Roumania by buying up all Roumanian oil shares hitherto held by German and Austrian banks and business firms. I am not in a position to verify these statements, but so long as there is no question of *political* as opposed to commercial penetration, I entirely fail to see anything reprehensible in America helping on the reconstruction of Jugoslavia or any other of the new states. The plain fact is that for the whole of that part of Europe it is literally a matter of life or death to attract foreign capital, and that business men in every Allied country, not least Italy, have long been alive to the position. If the Americans have shown more enterprise and comprehension and are 'getting in first,' I for one shall welcome their success, wherever it is won by honorable means. Nor is it surprising if these young and struggling nations consider that there is less danger in dealing with a geographically distant Power, which has the great advantage of being solvent and financially strong, than with a near neighbor whose political motives are more than dubious. It may well be that certain business men, whose commitments are seriously affected by the fate of Fiume, are pressing their respective governments to stand firm or to yield in this direction or that, and above all to put an end to the present deplorable uncertainty. But this, if it be so, has absolutely no relation to the fact that President Wilson, in his attitude to the Adriatic question, is holding out for the only compromise which offers any prospect of durable peace, and should, therefore, command the support of all who know the facts and desire a just settlement.

If the Jugoslavs in particular are now hostile to Italian commercial penetration in the Balkans, this is

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directly due to the foolish policy of Baron Sonnino, who, like many Jews, could never understand that even in politics and trade you cannot have your cake and eat it at the same time. Those of us who throughout the war (and not merely at the Roman Congress) openly advocated Italo-Jugoslav friendship, were always careful to urge on our Italian friends that the success or failure of such a policy would mean for Italy predominance in, or virtual exclusion from, the Balkan market. If to-day they are learning this to their cost, they have only themselves to blame.

Meanwhile, the Italians are the last people who have any right to impute commercial motives, in view of their own commercial and speculative activities in the former Hapsburg Monarchy since the armistice. Their very large transactions with Viennese banks and shipping, industrial and even building undertakings, throughout the spring and summer of 1919 — in other words, long before the conclusion of peace with Austria — are far more open to criticism than any American 'deal' among our Jugoslav or Roumanian allies; and it is difficult to explain or condone their policy of commercial dealings — not merely in ordinary goods, but in war material — with the Budapest Soviet Government. It is notorious that, behind all the clamor about the *amarissima città* of Fiume, the real motive force is economic. Italy is bent upon exercising control over the only first class port which Jugoslavia can hope to have in the immediate future, and thus over the whole export trade, not only of Jugoslavia, but also of Hungary, and, to a considerable extent, of Bohemia and Roumania as well. An even more powerful motive is the fear lest the traffic which formerly found its way to Trieste may now, by a perfectly natural process, be diverted to Fiume, unless Italy can lay her hands upon the city and regulate the relative prosperity of the two ports. These arguments were put forward at great length and with surprising frankness in the Italian Chamber on July 12 by Signor Pirolini, a deputy of recognized ability and honesty.

> Fiume [he claimed] is the key to the future commercial prosperity of Trieste. Fiume Jugoslav, or Fiume as an autonomous state — from the economic standpoint an even worse solution — would oust Trieste from organizing the exports of Central Europe for the Levant. This would doubly injure Italian 'national economy': it would lose the instrument for launching its products in the Levant, and it would be deprived of the possibility of Italian penetration in Croatia and Hungary. In general, influence in the Adriatic would be transferred from Trieste to Fiume. Whoever possesses the railway junction of Sveti Petar (in the Karst) can, without difficulty, divert to Fiume the whole traffic of Trieste. . . . Even without Sv. Petar, the Jugoslavs can cut Trieste's two arteries (the southern and Tauri) and, by occupying Klagenfurt, threaten the last route left open, that of Tarvis. On the day when, directly or indirectly, they were also masters of Sv. Petar, Trieste would be at their mercy, forced to beg free passage for the only goods which could still come to them from the German Alpine provinces. Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, the industrially most advanced portions of the old hinterland, would probably be lost, and forever. . . . In a few years Fiume would be a port full of its own life, Trieste a pale memory of past prosperity.

This can only mean one thing. 'Sacred egoism,' in its economic form, entitles Italy to make good the drawbacks of geography by taking control of the whole *Südbahn* from Trieste northward to Sveti Petar, Ljubljana (the Slovene capital) and the new Austrian frontier — for nothing less would serve — and, under cover of loss to her newly acquired port, to assert a virtual economic hegemony over large tracts of territory in which

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her interests have in the past been well-nigh negligible. It is obvious that safeguards must be devised for the future of Trieste, which has inevitably been badly hit by the dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy. It is also obvious that the Italians, in their alarm at Trieste's impending decay, are looking more and more to Southern Germany as the natural hinterland of Triestine commerce. But for that very reason it would be madness for the Allies — even if they were bent upon disregarding the justice of the case — to endorse claims which would enable Italy to lay her hands upon the whole economic development of several of the new states, and, in the long run, to prepare the way not for Italian, but for German, penetration of the Balkans.

The *italianità* of Fiume is an afterthought, and even Baron Sonnino allowed it to be expressly assigned to Croatia under the Treaty of London. In 1851, out of a population of 12,595 inhabitants, only 691 were Italians, and it was not till 1900 that, with the influx of new elements and with the active encouragement of the Magyar authorities, the Italians of the town came to outnumber the Jugoslavs. Even to-day, in Fiume and Susak combined (and the stream which separates them is no broader than the Strand), there are 27,393 Jugoslavs to 24,860 Italians. In recent years the masses on the one hand, and most men of substance on the other, have been increasingly Croat, as any careful study of street signs and bank books would have shown before the Allies gave the Italians a free hand in Fiume. The petite bourgeoisie was Italian, and was allowed by the Magyars, within certain limits, to control municipal and parliamentary elections. But those Fiumans who to-day are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Italy, were fervent adherents of Austria during the war. In 1919 they backed Commander Rizzo as candidate for Parliament, but in 1915 they struck a special bronze relief in honor of the Austrian airman Klasing, who destroyed an Italian airship outside their city. D'Annunzio's mainstays in Fiume itself are four renegade Croats — Grossich (a Jugoslav agitator in his young days), Ossoinack (Count Tisza's war nominee for an unopposed election to the Hungarian Parliament), Vio (son of the President of the local Jugoslav Committee), and Muskulin (head of the local Clericals); while Zanella, a real Italian, is head of the party which favors autonomy rather than annexation, and has, therefore, had to escape from the town.

Signor Tittoni has honestly done his best to redeem a situation which his predecessors had fatally compromised; but his latest proposals, if correctly reported in the press, are acceptable neither to the Jugoslavs nor to the Americans. The Jugoslavs are bound to resist the suggestion that only the *non-Italian* coast of the Adriatic is to be neutralized: the only possible solution being the neutralization of the whole eastern coast — Italian, Jugoslav, Albanian, and Greek — from Trieste to Corfu. Again, the idea that guaranties are to be exacted for Italian minorities in Jugoslavia, while there is to be no similar guaranty for the tenfold more numerous Jugoslavs abandoned to Italy, is hardly likely to make for peace. The difficulty can only be solved by reciprocal guaranties on a basis of full equality, and an abandonment of the present Italian tactics of Italianizing the Slav schools of Istria and making a bonfire of Slav books. Above all, the creation of a buffer state in Liburnia would be resisted, and rightly resisted, by the Jugoslavs, as merely prolong-

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ing an impossible situation, and robbing them of a large additional tract of incontestably Slav soil, for the sake of Italy's strategic and economic dominion over themselves.

The leading organ of the wreckers in Italy, the *Giornale d'Italia*, in its issue of October 7, openly admits that it 'fails to see an issue from the present *imbroglio*'; and indeed a point has been reached where something must break. Last February I described the Adriatic question as a test case for the application of Allied principles in the new international order. To-day the question of Fiume has become still more truly a test case for the League of Nations itself. If the associated powers allow their authority to be flouted indefinitely by a filibustering poet, then they must fully expect to be defied by every nation or national group that has a claim to peg out — whether it be in the Banat or Thrace, in Galicia or Anatolia, or throughout the vast territories once known as the Russian Empire.

Signor Tittoni is the first Italian statesman who has had the courage to speak out, and the revelations of his speech are the measure of Sonnino's political bankruptcy. How far matters had drifted is best shown by the Franco-British Note which greeted him on his arrival in Paris last June, and which warned him that 'a continuance of the same methods' would involve 'Italy's complete isolation' and the withdrawal of Allied support. An even greater sensation appears to have been produced by an official British *communiqué* early in October, expressing 'surprise at the prolongation of an illegal situation in Fiume,' and hinting that 'it may expose Italy to the risk of leaving the Alliance.' This is a contingency which no one can contemplate without keen regret, but it is one which may well result from a continued conflict with America: and, as Signor Tittoni warned the Chamber, the French and British Governments, while showing that benevolence toward Italian demands to which their rôle as accomplices in the Secret Treaty commits them, are not prepared to support them 'beyond the point at which they would find themselves in open conflict with President Wilson.' In the last resort Italy is dependent upon her allies for food, coal, transport, and money. Can they be expected to supply her with these indefinitely, if she persists in a policy which is inimical to their interests and to those of European peace and order?

The New Europe, October 23

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AN INTERVIEW WITH LENIN

BY W. T. GOODE

THE interview with Lenin had been a matter of some difficulty to arrange; not because he is unapproachable,—he goes about with as little external trappings or precautions as myself,—but because his time is so precious. He, even more than the other Commissaries, is continuously at work. But at last I had secured a free moment and drove from my room, across the city, to one of the gates of the Kremlin. I had taken the precaution at the beginning of my stay to secure a pass that set me free from any possible molestation from officials or police, and this gave me admission to the Kremlin enclosure. Entrance to the Kremlin is naturally guarded; it is the seat of the Executive Government; but the formalities are no more than have to be observed at Buckingham Palace or the House of Commons. A small wooden office beyond the bridge, where a civilian grants passes, and a few soldiers, ordinary Russian soldiers, one of whom receives and verifies the pass, were all there was to be seen at this entrance. It is always being said that Lenin is guarded by Chinese. There were no Chinese here.

I entered, mounted the hill, and drove across to the building where Lenin lives, in the direction of the large platform where formerly stood the Alexander statue, now removed. At the foot of the staircase were two more soldiers, Russian youths, but still no Chinese. I went up by a lift to the top floor, where I found two other young Russian soldiers, but no Chinese, nor, in any of the three visits which I paid to the Kremlin did I see any.

I hung up my hat and coat in the ante-chamber, passed through a room in which clerks were at work, and entered the room in which the Executive Committee of the Council of People's Commissaries holds its meetings — in other words, the Council Chamber of the Cabinet of the Soviet Republic. I had kept my appointment strictly to time, and my companion passed on (rooms in Russia are always *en suite*) to let Lenin know that I had arrived. I then followed into the room in which Lenin works and waited a minute for his coming. Here let me say that there is no magnificence about this suite of rooms. They are well and solidly furnished; the Council Chamber is admirably arranged for its purpose, but everything is simple, and there is an atmosphere of hard work about everything. Of the meretricious splendor I had heard so much there is not a trace.

I had but the time to make these observations, mentally, when Lenin entered the room. He is a man of middle height, about fifty years old, active, and well proportioned. His features at first sight seem to have a slight Chinese cast, and his hair and pointed beard have a ruddy brown tinge. The head is well domed, and his brow broad and well raised. He has a pleasant expression in talking, and, indeed, his manner can be described as distinctly prepossessing. He speaks clearly in a well-modulated voice, and throughout the interview he never hesitated or betrayed the

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slightest confusion. Indeed, the one clearly cut impression he left on me was that here was a clear, cold brain, a man absolutely master of himself and of his subject, expressing himself with a lucidity that was as startling as it was refreshing.

My companion had seated himself on the other side of the table to act as interpreter in case of need; he was not wanted. After a word of introduction I asked what I should speak, French or German. He replied that if I did not object he would prefer to speak English, and that if I would only speak clearly and slowly he would be able to follow everything. I agreed, and he was as good as his word, for only once during the three quarters of an hour that the meeting lasted did he stumble at a word, and then only for an instant; he had seized my meaning almost immediately.

I ought to state here that the thought of this interview had engaged me from the moment I had entered Russia. There were so many things I wanted to know, scores of questions occurred to me, and to secure the answers I longed to have would have required a discursive talk of hours had I begun my task with this interview. But by leaving it to the last my month's work had brought the answer to many of the questions, and others had been settled by a radiographic interview submitted from Lyons by a combination of American journalists. It behooved me, therefore, to utilize to the best advantage the time rigidly apportioned to me, wedged in between two important meetings. I had, therefore, reduced all my curiosity to three questions, to which the authoritative answers could be given only by Lenin himself, the head of the government of the Soviet Republic. He knew quite well who I was; he did not know what I wanted. There could, therefore, be no question of preparation so far as he was concerned.

I had spoken of my questions to only one man, the commissary who accompanied me, and he became very depressed, and gave it as his opinion that Lenin would not answer them. To his unfeigned astonishment, the questions were answered promptly, simply, and decisively, and when the interview was ended my companion naïvely expressed his wonderment.

The guidance of the interview was left to me. I began at once. I wanted to know how far the proposals which Mr. Bullitt took to the Conference at Paris still held good. Lenin replied that they still held good, with such modifications as the changing military situation might indicate. Later he added that in the agreement with Bullitt it had been stated that the changing military position might bring in alterations. Continuing, he said that Bullitt was unable to understand the strength of British and American capitalism, but that if Bullitt were President of the United States peace would soon be made.

Then I took up again the thread by asking what was the attitude of the Soviet Republic to the small nations who had split off the Russian Empire and had proclaimed their independence.

He replied that Finland's independence had been recognized in November, 1917; that he (Lenin) had personally handed to Swinhufvud, then head of the Finnish Republic, the paper on which this recognition was officially stated; that the Soviet Republic had announced some time previously that no soldiers of the Soviet Republic would cross the frontier with arms in their hands; that the Soviet Republic had decided to create a neutral strip or zone between their territory and Esthonia, and would declare this publicly; that it was one of their principles

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to recognize the independence of all small nations, and that finally they had just recognized the independence of the Bashkir Republic — and, he added, the Bashkirs are a weak and backward people.

For the third time I took up the questioning, asking what guaranties could be offered against official propaganda among the western peoples, if by any chance relations with the Soviet Republic were opened. His reply was that they had declared to Bullitt that they were ready to sign an agreement not to make official propaganda. As a government they were ready to undertake that no official propaganda should take place. If private persons undertook propaganda they would do it at their own risk and be amenable to the laws of the country in which they acted. Russia has no laws, he said, against propaganda by British people. England has such laws; therefore, Russia is the more liberal-minded. They would permit, he said, the British, or French, or American Government to carry on propaganda of their own. He cried out against the Defense of the Realm Act, and, as for freedom of the press in France, he declared that he had just been reading Henri Barbusse's novel *Clarté*, in which were two censored patches. 'They censor novels in free, democratic France!'

I asked if he had any general statement to make, upon which he replied that the most important thing for him to say was that the Soviet system is the best, and that English workers and agricultural laborers would accept it if they knew it. He hoped that after peace the British Government would not prohibit the publication of the Soviet Constitution. That, morally, the Soviet system is even now victorious, and that the proof of the statement is seen in the persecution of Soviet literature in free, democratic countries.

My allotted time had expired, and, knowing that he was needed elsewhere, I rose and thanked him, and, making my way back through Council Chamber and clerks' room to the stair and courtyard, where were the young Russian guards, I picked up my droshky and drove back across Moscow to my room to think over my meeting with Vladimir Ulianoff.

The Manchester Guardian, November 1

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THE FINDER OF LOST THINGS

BY EDMUND CANDLER

I

'You were really impressed? And the thought reading afterwards — some one found a thimble under the piano? In fact, you are beginning to believe there is something in it?'

Malaher stirred the whiskey and lemon and sugar in the glass of his very young friend as he delivered himself thus ironically. We had been talking about spirits and savages all night, when the arrival of this buoyant youth, with his pores all open to new experience, gave the conversation another lap. The happy cub was learning Arabic and surveying, and he came to Malaher sometimes for help. He had three pounds an hour, the zest of an Elizabethan, and four virgin continents to squeeze of their romance.

'Well, you see,' the boy said as he flung his overcoat on the head of an Ovis Ammon, 'I have never had any truck with that kind of thing before. But perhaps you don't believe in psychical research?'

Malaher smiled.

'I think I believe in the psychical part,' he said. 'I am not sure about the research. You get the best results among savages.'

Malaher threw open the window and looked down on the Embankment Gardens and the double arc of light along the Thames.

'I was going to tell you about the case of an epileptic. Have you ever heard of a man called Wanless?'

'He goes in for big-game shooting, does n't he? I remember his name in Ward. He got the first head of a takin shot by a European.'

'That is the man. No, he was not the epileptic, but he is mixed up in the story. I came upon his tracks in one of the Mantze States in Sechuan on the Tibetan border. I was out after takin too — ostensibly; but I did n't see the Roman nose of one the whole trek: Wanless kept me too busy.'

'Wanless was killed, was n't he?' the boy interrupted.

'You don't remember the story? It was before your time. Then I'll tell you.'

Malaher pulled the window down. There was enough chill fog in the room to make us draw in our chairs to the fire. The boy had that tiptoe-for-adventure look in his eyes and the poise of his head which had first attracted Malaher.

'I met his sister first,' he went on. 'I was washing my feet in my tent when I thought I heard an English lady's voice, but put it down to an illusion like church bells in the desert. Then my orderly brought in a large square visiting card with a black edge, and I read, "Miss Wanless, The Pines." I peeped through the chink in the fly and saw the skirts of the first white woman who has been within a hundred miles of Mishi Rhotang. I stuck my feet in socks and shoes and persuaded her to come in. In a few minutes she was in possession of the camp stool and I was sitting on the edge of the bed.

'In spite of her composure, I felt that she was shy. She talked about the last two or three days of her journey

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and her misadventures, which she did not exaggerate. For a long time she gave me no inkling as to who she was, or why she had come. All I gathered was, that she had come straight to Mishi Rhotang from Charing Cross, and had never been out of England before.

'While I made tea I was wondering if "The Pines" was at Wimbledon or Hampstead, or where. She was suburban from her boots to her hat and umbrella, and quite unchanged by circumstances. She looked like a denizen of the stores. She might have come straight up in the lift out of the Tube. Her rather shapeless dark-blue cotton dress with white spots must often have passed from "The Pines" to "The Gables."

'"Wanless" — "Wanless!" I kept repeating the name to myself, trying to remember where I had heard it.

'When the water had boiled and I had got out the jam and biscuits, she rose, as a matter of course, to pour out the tea. She always stood as if she had sunk in, and held her hands in front of her as if she were pressing something down. Her hair was combed straight back and parted and tied up behind. Her features and her figure were ample, though the lines were not clearly defined. Her walk was slow and deliberate. You could see that she would waddle if she hurried.

'I asked her where she had pitched her tent. She had not got one. She had heard there were inns, and she had been putting up in the most filthy, bug-ridden hovels all the way from the Yangtse. I remembered that nearly a month before I had been driven into one by a deluge when I was a few hours ahead of my kit, and I had found the chinks and peepholes in the wall stuffed with leaves of the *Occult Review*. I asked the innkeeper who had put them there, and he said an Englishwoman who had left a day or two before. I imagined some hardened missionary, and let it pass out of my mind.

'Miss Wanless admitted that she found the Chinese "trying." I thought of the gaping herd that would follow her into the hovel. A white man in an inn is a bit of a show, but a white woman! It made me sick to think of the dirty inquisitive crowd. The planks in the wall did not meet anywhere. The rooms were built against intrusion, but not for privacy. She could bar them all right, but her movements would be watched. If she took out a hairpin there would be some guttural comment, followed by guffaws or whispering and spitting. This would go on till the early hours, and there would be constant shufflings all through the night for a place at the chinks. She could not hide from those curious eyes; the *Occult Review* would not be occult enough.

'Miss Wanless was a spiritualist, I discovered, and she had got some queer ideas in her head about a "medium" in the Black Cap Monastery at Mishi Rhotang near my camp; but I did not find out about her trouble all at once. She was uncomfortably shy, and would not get to the point; I could not draw her out.

'Our desultory talk turned from inns to sport. She asked me if I had "been successful in securing" a takin yet. She called it "budorca," the local name. She had heard that they were "very evasive creatures." It was not till then that I connected her with the Shikari man who had passed through months before, and who had not been heard of since. I did not know that he was supposed to be dead, and that it had got into the English papers.

'"Are you any relation to the Wanless who was here shooting?" I asked.

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'She pressed her hands more tightly into her lap and looked down on the ground. "I want you to help me to find my brother," she said. And I saw tears in her eyes.

'She did not believe that he was dead yet, but she had a presentiment that he was dying. She thought of him captured by wandering tribes and held up to ransom, or lingering somewhere in prison in the hands of fanatics. Torture was in her mind, I know, though she could not name it.

'I tried to reassure her, suggesting a dozen different things he might be doing — working through to Burma by Batang and Rima, or exploring the Lolo country. One would have no news of him there; he would be absolutely cut off. I asked her if she was sure he was not on secret service. I knew the Intelligence Department wanted to find out what the Chinese were doing on the Tibetan and Burmese frontier, and what control they had over the semi-independent border tribes. I was working for the Indian Government myself. The takin, of course, were by the way.

'But Wanless's journey was not even indirectly official. She had been taken by her friends at home to the India Office, the War Office, and the Foreign Office. He was not on any confidential service. Nothing had been heard of him in London since he had taken his passport.

'"He may be in Tibet in disguise," I suggested. "He may be in Lhasa now."

'She shook her head sadly.

'"Or he might be doubling back through the great desert to Peking."

'"That would be like him," she said. And she told me how desert literature had held him as a child. Even at school they called him "Gobi and Shamo."

'It was only by talking about her brother that I could draw her out of her shell; but to every suggestion she answered, "He would have been heard of." And I knew she was right. I had little doubt in my heart that he was dead. Everything had been done that was possible. The Chinese Government had expressed their concern; officials had been stirred up on the provinces; but there was no trace of him beyond the Mantze States. He had been last seen at Mishi Rhotang.

'That brought us back to the monastery and the "medium." I gradually discovered that she counted more on this drug-sodden, primitive epileptic than on all the machinery of state. She wanted me to go to the Gompa and take part in some kind of *séance*.

'It was something I said about a lost telepathic sense still traceable among primitives which opened her eyes to the possibility of my being sympathetic. We talked about the phenomenal transmission of news, and I told her of a case I had come across in the Malay States and another at Khanno. She had expected me to scoff at the idea of her yellow clairvoyant, and this had aggravated her shyness and hesitation in coming to a point. She expanded when she found that I was more open-minded about what she called "spiritualism" than the stockbroking young men who left cards at "The Pines."

'I had seen some odd things among the dervishes, even in those days. Did I ever tell you about the Medicine Man at Bornu? Then there was the Danakil dervish at Ankober, and the djeb-djeb. The trance is brought on by a violent rhythmic shake of the head from left to right.'

Malaher stretched out for a totem on the pipe-rack, and balanced it on his palm as if he were going to put the little man through his paces, but laid

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it down on the floor. 'He wants a joint in his neck,' he said.

The boy had pulled an envelope out of his pocket and was scribbling on the back: 'Bornu — Danakil — djeb-djeb,' and looking hungrily at Malaher as who should say, 'We will get that out of you another night.'

'Still,' Malaher continued, 'it had never occurred to me to consult an epileptic Black-Cap lama professionally.

'They are the very lowest type, you know, a pre-Buddhist cult gathered into the fringe — a survival of the old *Sakti* worship. The Red and Yellow Caps hate them. They turn their prayer-wheels left to right, wear an offensive black head-dress, and give their idols blood.

'I had been up to the Gompa; it was a most repulsive shrine. You could imagine a blight or a murrain coming from it, but nothing healing or clean. I told Miss Wanless I would go with her, but not into the temple. No woman could face those idols and keep her self-respect. She should have her *séance* in the courtyard.

'She would have gone without me, she had the pluck; but I was bound to see her through. I did not trust her interpreter — a low-browed, lantern-jawed Chinaman from Shanghai; and I had little faith in her errand, though I was no scoffer. It pleased her to find that I accepted some of her dreams as facts. We agreed on many points, only she called phenomena "super-natural," which are really super-normal. It has always seemed natural to me that a mind thrown out of its normal state should possess super-normal faculties, since it moves on a different plane, in a new dimension. Primitive people know this, and use artificial means to unhinge the waking consciousness. There is money in it — hence the Medicine Man and the Diviner.'

'And the Pythian priestess at Delphi, did n't you say?' the boy interrupted.

Malaher nodded. 'That is the modern theory — that they were all epileptic women. They inhaled some gas which spurted out of the rock.'

'Confound your pathology!' I broke in.

'Let the illusions go,' he said. 'It opens many doors.'

It wrinkles up the youth of the world, I thought. But as Malaher went on I knew that the spirit of Romance was still abroad.

II

'I called for Miss Wanless at three the next afternoon to take her to the monastery. She was housed in a deserted potash-burner's hut, which I had cleaned out for her. There is no inn at Mishi Rhotang.

'The black temple of the Bon-pa lamas is built on terraces down the hillside, one block above another, each with its idol room and courtyard and colonnade and lamas' cells. In the distance the masts of the praying flags scattered among the golden roofs made me think of argosies at rest in some barbaric old-world harbor, and there were slabs of black marble above the lintels, and hanging black skins about the eaves, and chopped brushwood smeared with red earth like paint, supporting the roofs all round. Groups of lamas were standing outside; they turned and followed us. We threaded an inquisitive crowd. Miss Wanless became more composed; her steps became slower, she looked more trim and prim as we were sucked in. She did not open her lips all the way.

'They had spread mats for us on the lowest terrace; the epileptic was to descend from above. We found the Black Caps assembled, and some shaven polls of other orders drawn there for

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the mystery show. It was a gala day. Their yellow robes made bright patches in the dingy crowd. Every eye was turned on us.

'It appeared that the diviner was not yet "inspired"— or intoxicated, to speak more exactly. He might not descend for hours. "He is not yet in the radiant state," Miss Wanless explained to me quietly. She called her interpreter and we asked him questions. I learned how they train their spirit-men: frighten them when they are children, frighten the epileptic mothers of them before they are born, half-starve them, and shut them up for months in the dark alone, and then feed them on burning chillies and *charas* and what-not, until they see spirits in their dreams, and do not know whether they are asleep or awake, or what is visionary or real.

'We must have been there an hour when there was a stir by the porch of the temple, and a sinewy young monk drew out the car which the epileptic was to enter — a kind of flimsy sentry-box with doors, built on three rough wooden wheels, two in front and one behind. Then a lane was made by the gate where we had come in, and we saw the temple buffalo approaching. It was an ancient beast, whose skin was all sockets, cracking with age and covered with a venerable down; and its eyes had an uncanny way of looking up when, by the poise of its head, they ought to be looking on the ground, and they were a bright, light, forget-me-not blue, like a child's, as if the beast had preserved a new-born, inquiring innocence in his primeval wallow. They yoked the murky brute to the car and drove him into the middle of the court-yard, where he stood immovable. You could see the long gray lashes in the sockets of his eyes.

'Another hour passed, and they brought out a gross golden female idol, and put it in the car, with its back to the buffalo. The epileptic was not to ride alone.

'From time to time Miss Wanless called the interpreter and asked him when "the sensitive" was coming. She referred to the loathsome savage all the while as "the sensitive," "the psychic," "the medium."

'"What do they call him?" I asked the man.

'"Hui-ma-mblen-Karpo."

'"What does that mean?"

'"The Finder of Lost Things."

'I looked at Miss Wanless, and saw in the brightening of her eyes the triumph of an instinct confirmed. Then it entered my head for the first time that the epileptic might find her brother.

'She was saying something about the psychic when a lama came up to ask me if we would drink the monastery tea. I said "No" politely, but vainly, for a monk with a face like a lichened gargoyle was already bearing down on us with cups. They brought us the inevitable Tibetan *tsamba* and brick tea, with butter and mutton-fat floating in it. I admired my companion's composure more and more. She lifted her veil, touched the broth with her lips, and restrained the muscles of her face. She might have been calling somewhere: from her shoes to the buckle in her hat she was pure Twickenham.

'The wild monks all round were staring at her as men in civilized countries look through glass at mummies and stuffed birds, but she was unmoved. It was odd to turn from that Mongol crowd to her plain, straight, stolid, equine face, honest and compassionate. There were dark rims under the eyes; the lashes were almost invisible, being the same hue as her skin; her hair had been a dull yellow, but there was gray in it. I felt strangely drawn to the woman, though

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there was nothing pleasing in her looks save her unalterable homeliness and her true eyes. You could see at a glance that she had faith.

'It was an interminable afternoon, and I dozed for very weariness. I was translated by my companion to the High Street and the trams, to Bushey Park and the iron gate in front of Hampton Court. The lamas receded with their peaked caps and praying-wheels, and Miss Wanless passed from shop to shop carrying a little green bag. She led a small, curly-haired dog by a string.

'It was almost dark when I was awakened from my reverie by a loud commotion, and heard her say, "He is coming!" Some one fired a gun from the terrace over us, and the hubbub in the courtyard became a subdued drone. We heard demoniac cries and the clanging of doors above. We saw him sway like a drunken man into the veranda of an upper story.

'As he drew near us, a blare of wind instruments, conch-shells, and a kind of horn blown within, deadened the sound of his coming. He appeared at the door of the idol-house, a young man, his head bare and cropped, his hide like loose wrinkled parchment clinging to the bones of his cheek — a peculiar unhealthy color, the bright skin-yellow of the ball of the foot. He was crying out something, but the din of the instruments drowned his voice. He circled round the ring of monks, peering into each face with a vague searching look and passing on. He passed me by, but stood ten seconds in front of Miss Wanless, fixing her with strange intentness. She did not flinch, but gave him one direct glance. Then she held her knees tightly, and looked on the ground.

'The music quickened with a clash of drums and cymbals; the conches and horns wailed discordantly; the oracle broke into a slow rhythmic step, shaking his head from left to right, and revolving with outstretched arms. The old men behind headed him to the car as one might drive a goose into a narrow lane.

'When he entered the box it began to shake and sway; two voices issued from it; the buffalo plunged clumsily to the goad. The sinewy young lama ran beside to head the beast off the ring, so that the car, veering continually, passed under us again and again. As it plunged along behind the goaded brute, the old lamas shambled after it, their peaked caps bobbing to the din.

'Miss Wanless clutched me by the arm.

' "Can they hear what the sensitive says?" she asked. And the catch in her voice was her one betrayal of emotion the whole afternoon.

'The oracle spoke in an unknown tongue; it was some dead cult of which he remembered nothing after the possession had passed. If it were not for the old priests who ran behind the message would be lost.

'It grew dark, and we saw two little points of light in the air in front of the car like a reflection in water of the beast's luminous eyes. Then the goad ceased to ply, the shriek of the conches expired, the car slackened and stopped. The lamas rushed to the box, opened it, and carried the unconscious soothsayer — wounded by collision with the goddess — into the temple. The golden idol was left lolling out of the door.

'We waited some time in suspense; our interpreter had followed in the rout and was lost. Every now and then a monk came and bawled something into our ears, and seeing we did not understand, bawled it louder, lowering his head like a bull. At last, the lantern-jawed little man appeared and delivered us the oracle:

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' "He is alive, but near death. Go to the snow peak beyond Romi Chungpo. Two hours after sunset look westward for a sign."

III

'So far I had been humoring a child, but now my whole heart was in the business. Nothing mattered but the finding of Wanless. And Miss Wanless! Only a day or two before I had pitied her unattractiveness. Later I came to know that her stubborn obstinate look of having sunk in where she sat or stood, hid a shyness and hesitation in little things common in sensitive women who lack charm. In big things — like faith and grit and resolution — she was sure and firm.

'Before noon the next day we had started for Romi Chungpo. Miss Wanless would not lose an hour. She would not stay at Mishi Rhotang and let me make a reconnaissance ahead. It was a dangerous country to traverse — she did not know how dangerous. Three out of the eight white men who had entered it in the last ten years had been murdered; and on the third day we had to cross a tract of the Lolo country.

'Things were made easy at the start. I had friends among the local chiefs who had been out shooting with me and borrowed my guns. And I think Miss Wanless had made a good impression. Her largess had been ample; she had approached their mysteries in a reverent spirit, and she possessed the stolid calm of one of their idols — a calmness invaluable in an errand like this.'

Malaher paused and looked at the boy.

'You know,' he said, 'a man is safe almost anywhere if he can keep his temper, and a woman more safe.'

The boy shuffled in his chair; his spurs were yet to win; he was wondering if his hot blood would stand the test.

'In the presence of a composure like that,' Malaher went on, 'violence is unthinkable. Miss Wanless would be safe among the Senussi. She could walk right through the Danakil country — or rather, she could be carried, and that requires pluck of another kind.

'I cannot tell you how stiff and awkward and clumsy she was. She had never played any kind of game. You could not imagine her leaving the pavement or high road; you would think a stile or a plank-bridge an insuperable barrier. Yet she got through somehow to Romi Chungpo; and the track was carried over torrents bridged by rotten logs, where there was a hundred-foot drop into the stream, and along the face of precipices where you balanced on slender pine trunks supported by pegs driven into crevices in the rock, or hanging by knotted vines from boughs above. I have no head for precipices myself, and I should have liked to have been dragged along by a rope if I had dared. It made me sick to see them carry Miss Wanless over. We would come to a place where the path ended, and some broken goat-track traversed a hanging cliff, when she would sit down and tie a band of white tape round her skirt above the ankles for delicacy's sake. She had none of the clothes women wear for golf or shooting, tweed knickerbockers, puttees, nailed boots, and short skirts. She was dressed for the High Street and the stores. But she had the knack of making herself stiff and unresisting, so that the little hill men could carry her across, one in front and one behind, wheelbarrow fashion, with a foot in each hand. She shut her eyes and resigned herself. She seemed to will away fear and become marble. I shall never forget that sacrificial look.

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'I would sit and wait my turn to traverse a narrow edge of rock above a chasm, watching the rickety procession cross — the closed, upturned lids of Miss Wanless, her tightly shut mouth. I never realized so feelingly how indifferent the great and permanent forces of nature are to our midget lives. The unceasing roar of the torrent beneath was a cruel undersong.

'We reached Romi Chungpo without mishap on the sixth day; the peak was two days beyond. The roughness of the way made us forget the danger from the tribes. We crossed the Lolo tract unchallenged; the country was deserted; every male had been carried off on one of those perennial border frays against the neighboring clans.

'At Romi Chungpo I tried in vain to persuade Miss Wanless to rest one day, or to let me go alone to the peak and decide on the spot what it would be best to do if I could find any trace of her brother. In the strain of the journey I had hardly thought about our goal. I do not think that it occurred to either of us that he would not be there, that we might not see his watch-fire after all. Then, when the tension had passed, I became skeptical. I forgot my belief; I told myself that I had come simply to let her feel that everything had been done that could be done. I wanted to humor her, to spare her.

'You can imagine what an ass I felt two nights afterwards when we were huddled in blankets in the snow at 13,000 feet, a storm gathering round us. Miss Wanless literally sank in; she sat gazing raptly at the west, and I cursed the Finder of Lost Things, and my own folly, feeling that we were in for a night's vigil, and that nothing could dislodge her. She must have divined my dwindling faith, for she said something about "the lucidity of trance," and repeated more than once, "You see, he"— meaning the medium —"was so near."

'She was calculating his psychic power in the terms of a hertzian wave.

'I began to think about frost-bite, and was rubbing my ears and burying my head in my Balaclava cap, when I heard her cry: "There!" I looked, and far down in the valley I saw a little glow-worm flicker, which might have been a campfire. I had just time to get the bearings of it on my compass, when the clouds rolled down on us and we were lost.

'We descended with pain into the dwarf rhododendrons. Here the mist was thinner. We lighted a beacon and waved signal brands, but there was no answering gleam across the valley.

'The next morning we followed the bearings I had taken until we came to a torrent we could not cross. We knew the light we had seen must be beyond it, and spent the whole day looking for a ford. It was twilight when I saw the signal. I gave Miss Wanless the glasses and asked her what she could see. She focused the thing and said very quietly:

'"A bag hanging on a forked pole. It is like a finger-post pointing up the side ravine."

'The glasses shook in her hand. It was Wanless's rucksack.

'We bridged the stream the next morning. I had taken plenty of rope, knowing the kind of country to expect. Miss Wanless was lowered on to a rock in the middle of the stream, where our stoutest little man stood; he paid the rope out, and she was hauled up the other side, looking like a saint in levitation. She did not shut her eyes — she was too happy to be afraid. At the foot of the pole we found the spoor of a booted man. A little way up the ravine I smelled wood smoke. I let Miss Wanless get ahead. Then I saw a

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shirt hanging on a bush to dry. I sat down and was tugging at a supposititious boot-lace, when I heard a sob. Only in victory did she surrender. Then, as I retreated through the scrub, I heard a man's voice not unlike her own:

'"Just like you, Emma, . . . sprained my ankle. . . . Can't get after game . . . was feeling very low and humped."

'I botanized assiduously for an hour. When I came back Emma was bandaging his foot. He greeted me with laconic warmth. You never saw such a wild man of the woods. He wore elfin locks; his coat was patched with bark. Emma got up as I entered the shelter and stood four-square to receive me, obviously under the impression that she ought to make some appropriate speech. She looked more than ever as if she had stuck in, as if she were pressing something down. I was afraid of some demonstration, and I think Wanless detected the springs of one. He came to the rescue with a ready wit, dwelling on the humors of his plight, bringing us down to a less emotional plane.

'We patched him up inwardly and outwardly. When his ankle had been bathed I cut his hair while he smoked — a tin of his own mixture: Miss Wanless had seen to that. I gathered his story in pieces.

'He had marked down a takin on the cliffs above the ravine and crossed the torrent in heavy rain, where two huge abutting rocks had jammed in the stream; but before he could recross the bridge had been carried away by a landslip. His Shikari was killed; he escaped himself by a miracle. He cut his way down stream through the dwarf rhododendrons, thick as a mesh, till he came to another torrent, which joined the first. He was shut in on both sides by impassable gorges: upstream the cliffs fell smooth and sheer, slippery as ice. There were no trees near the bank, and bridging was out of the question till the torrent had shrunk in winter. So he built up the old herb-gatherer's shelter in which we found him, and lived on the takin he shot — the meat kept well in the snow — and wild onions and rhubarb and honey and an occasional snow-trout.

'He made light of it, but I think he would have starved if we had not found him. He had sprained an ankle, and could not get about. He had no matches, and was afraid to trust to tinder in the rain. He kept his fire burning night and day, hoping that it might be seen. "It was always in his thoughts," Miss Wanless explained. "He wished it desperately and prayed every day: 'May some Christian see my fire!' I knew if only we could find a medium near enough ——"

'Wanless gave her a gaunt smile.

'"Surely, Emma," he said, "you don't believe in that rubbish still." '

Malaher rose and stretched himself, and knocked the ashes out of his brier for a last fill. As he put the totem back on the pipe-rack he said to the boy, rather unkindly, I thought:

'You see, I am still open to conviction about psychical research.'

Blackwood's Magazine

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AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE

BY HENRI BORDEAUX

I SAW it blossom during the war. In the early days of November, 1917, after the battle of Malmaison, I was sent to the armies of Alsace and Lorraine. An American division, the first, commanded by General Sibert, was holding the line to north of the forest of Parroy, its right flank touching the Marne and Rhine canal. This division was brigaded with the eighteenth French division (General Bordeaux), which was charged with introducing its youthful ardor to the war. This Lorraine line was of a singular nature; normally calm, it was capable, nevertheless, of deceptions. Sometimes more than a kilometre lay between the trenches. In the neighboring villages, which were rarely shelled, there were even to be found peasants who were more attached to the soil than to life. In Athienville, quite near the lines, in the last days of October, 1917, a young wife gave birth to a little girl. General Sibert, hearing that this event had taken place in his sector, wished to be godfather to the new born child, which a chaplain baptized, and gave a hundred francs to the mother. I did not fail to visit this little girl and her *maman*. Even as a flower in the ruins, this picture of reviving life was enough to transform the desolated countryside. Thus an American general became the godfather of a little lass of Lorraine.

In the same sector I made a second pilgrimage, this time to Bathlémont. An old farmhouse which must have risen over an old castle, and a strong and simple fortress church dominated the plain. One descends to the plain by following a long wall which turns a right angle at the foot of the slope. Along this wall lie the tombs of the soldiers of France who fell in 1914–15. Farther down, quite at the foot of the slope, are buried the first three American soldiers who were killed in the great war. I copied their names into my memorandum book — Corporal Gresham, soldiers Enright and Hay, all of the sixteenth regiment of infantry. They perished on the second of November, in an assault made by the Germans upon the American front. The Germans, uneasy at the formation of the American Army, and wishing to know what unities were opposed to them, had prepared the attack with extreme care; they poured upon the chosen spot some fifteen thousand shells, and then launched two attacking companies. Hardly had the Americans left their shelters when the enemy hurled himself upon them; Gresham, Hay, and Enright fought with them *corps a corps* and were bayoneted. Their graves, when I went to Bathlémont, were covered with flowers. 'Our men,' said my French guide, 'often visit them and look after them better than they do the French graves, for these comrades here have come from farther away.'

Later on, the prefect of the Department of Meurthe and Moselle, M. Mirman, caused to be erected there, at the cost of a subscription taken up in the communes of his department, a Cross of Lorraine. The cross bears this inscription: 'Here lie the first

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soldiers of the United States who perished upon the soil of France for the cause of justice and liberty.' Doubtless in the future, a monument will rise to the glorious memory of the first American dead.

A year later, it was my good fortune to encounter other American divisions. The end of the war found me in Flanders with that group of armies commanded by King Albert of Belgium and having as its chief-of-staff, General Degoutte, one of our best known leaders, a chief born for the preparation, organization, and fighting of battles. This group included certain Belgian troops, an English army, a French army, and two American divisions, the thirty-seventh (Major General C. S. Farnsworth) and the ninety-first (Major General William H. Johnston). I knew that great things were being prepared for the month of November, 1918. The plan of General Degoutte, approved by the King, included the forcing of a passage across the Escaut, the transporting of important masses of cavalry, and their dispersion over the plan, and a sweep forward toward Brussels. The plan promised the final deliverance of Belgium, and the capture of a considerable number of prisoners and a mass of artillery and transport material. But would there be time for such a project? Already Germany begged for grace, and was proposing the dispatch of envoys. Rumors came on every air: Wilhelm had abdicated; Wilhelm had fled to Holland. General Degoutte, sure of success, hastened his preparations. The attack was prepared for the fated day of November 11. On the tenth I was sent to the lines. I crossed Audenarde, then filled with tumult; Audenarde, the last Flemish city to be shelled by the Germans, who happily did not succeed in destroying its lovely Hôtel de Ville, with its sculptures almost as richly carved and flowered as those of Louvain, though they did almost destroy the Cathedral of Ste. Walburga. It was on the second of November that they thus outraged the town, killing civilians and blowing up the houses by the riverside. In Audenarde, automobile machine guns were passing, and soldiers of the ninety-first American division were at hand. I went to the Escaut; the American engineers had just finished building some bridges. Following the current, I found a footbridge and crossed. Continuing along the bank of the river, I saw from there the last picture of the war that I was to see. Under the sunset sky, one of those Flanders skies which the humidity rising from the earth causes to vibrate, I saw, in silhouette, some squadrons of cavalry advancing along the bank. Their lances seemed tipped with the sun's rays. Their helmets shone. Far away could be heard the whistling of shells. The enemy had given over his opposition to the passage of the river. On the morning of the following day, Armistice Day itself, I saw by the banks of the Escaut the last of my soldier dead, an American lad lying face to the sky. Near at hand were two horses, one of whom had rested his head upon the other's neck.

From the fraternity of arms a friendship is born which does not die. It will show itself during peace time by a new blooming of intellectual relations. The United States has seen that the old Latin methods which seek unity of composition, coördination, and the direction of effort are always new. It will return to our humanities (which it already appreciates) because they teach order in thinking in opposition to the methods of German erudition which, by putting too much emphasis on details, forgets the whole.

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It will bring to us for our renewing that abounding energy, that ardor, that audacity, which were so admired by our soldiers.

I see again the three flower-covered graves of Bathlémont in Lorraine in which lie the first of the American dead. And I see again, I hear, I ought to say, the vigorous godchild of General Sibert, born so near the lines and the shells, crying with no fear of the enemy. The friendship of America and France is like that child; born in the tempest, yet strong. And she shall grow, for it is hers to put flowers upon the graves of our common dead.

France-Etats Unis

LISTEN

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

QUIET your faces; be crossed every thumb;
Fix on me deep your eyes!
And out of my mind a story shall come,
Old, lovely, and wise.

Old as the pebbles that fringe the cold seas;
Lovely as apples in rain;
Wise as that King who learned of the bees,
Then learned of the emmets again.

Old as the fruits that in mistletoe shine,
Lovely as amber, as snow;
Wise as the fool who, when care made him pine,
Sang, Heh, fol lol, lilly lo!

Old as the woods rhyming Thomas snuffed sweet,
When pillion he rid with the Queen;
Lovely as elf-craft; wise as the street
Where the roofs of the humble are seen.

Hsst! there's a stirring, there's a wind in the snow;
A whirring of birds on the wing,
Like a river of water my story shall flow,
Like runnels of water sing.

The Westminster Gazette

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WHEN CLAUDIA SMILES

CLAUDIA propped her elbows on the sea-wall and gazed entrancedly over the bay to where the great Dreadnoughts loomed like grim battlemented islets.

'The lambs!' she breathed.

Claudia's Uncle John — who occupies a chair of Experimental Exegesis at one of our older, mouldier universities, and who handles his words as a connoisseur handles Venetian glass — groaned brokenly.

'"Lambs," my dear child! They can crumple up an Atlantic liner like a paper bag; vomit tons of bursting steel ——'

Claudia cut off his flow with an uplifted hand.

'Don't be disgusting, John. You know very well I was referring to the other side of their natures. They are quite too sweet for words in their home lives, full of unexpected little cupboards and inhabited by the twee-est middies who dance enchantingly. I do wish somebody would take me over one.'

She smiled wistfully at me and sighed.

'It might be possible,' said I. 'A lot of civilians are boarding those tenders over there. Suppose we try?'

Fifty feet from the pier-head my passage was barred by a ponderous policeman.

'Only them with special invites can go,' he growled.

'But surely ——' I began.

'Them's the orders,' said he firmly.

I turned back and confessed my failure.

'A policeman stopped you?' Claudia exclaimed. 'Not intentionally, I'm sure. I always find them so sympathetic. Where is he?'

She advanced on the constable and smiled at him. The fellow inflated his chest and twisted his moustachios, Claudia is easy to look at, and when she smiles the heart of mortal man is as pudding within him.

When Claudia smiles, policemen rush
And stop the traffic; porters crush
Each other underfoot that they
May bear her trunks; officials stay
Impatient trains and bow and blush
And find her corner seats of plush,
While damp dyspeptic infants hush
Their peevish yells and shout 'Hooray!'
When Claudia smiles.

Strong, silent Empire-builders gush;
The grocer trills a virelay;
Pale curates wear a roseate flush;
Decayed old clubmen mumble 'Tush!'
And limp rejoicing on their way,
When Claudia smiles.

Claudia advanced on the constable and smiled at him. He did his best to look stern, but his number was up.

'Good afternoon; what jolly weather, is n't it?' she rippled. 'Everything so nice and blue and sunny — though I suppose it must be very tiring for you keeping the crowd back.'

She turned to me. 'Few people realize what a policeman has to put up with — the long hours, out in all weathers, keeping guard over us while we sleep. And there are no bands playing, no O.B.E.'s, no Victoria Crosses — just unremitting silent service.'

The constable coughed into his glove and increased his chest measurement still further.

Claudia smiled on him again. 'I wonder if you would be so frightfully kind as to let us go to the pier-head just for a minute to watch all those funny people scramble on the tenders? Would you?' she cooed like a ringdove.

'Certainly, Miss. No 'arm in *that*. Pass this way, please.' We passed.

'There you are,' said Claudia; 'I told you so. They will do anything if you 're gentle with them. It's only when people push against them and

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stand on their feet that they get irritable.'

We reached the pier-head. A mine-sweeper chafed gently against the steps, taking on a cargo of visitors.

'Speak to that sailor with the curl and the *retroussé* nose; he has a kind face,' Claudia directed. I approached the sailor.

'Nothin' doin',' he snapped. 'Only them with friends or relations on the fleet allowed off. Stand clear!'

I stood clear.

'One does feel so frightfully grateful to them for all they 've done,' came the voice of Claudia, speaking ostensibly to her Uncle John. 'Out in all weathers, day and night, guarding us while we sleep; years and years of unremitting silent service,'— she shot a smile at the curly mariner and smote him right through the heart,—'frightfully, frightfully grateful to them.'

The smitten tar breathed hard through his *retroussé* snout and hitched at his pants. His number was up.

'Lady of your party?' he inquired *sotto voce*. I nodded.

'Orlright, you can come off. If any questions is arst you tell 'em I'm yer brother Charlie.'

'Pleased to meet you, Charles,' said I. 'Heard from home lately? How 's mother and father?'

He grinned. 'Pa 's insolvent; Ma 's in jail, and sister Susie 's in consumption. Step this way, Miss, if you please.'

He handed Claudia down the seaweedy steps with tender care, and with his cap gallantly dusted a hatch-cover for her to sit on. Ten minutes later we were swarming aboard the flag-ship. A smart junior officer was standing at the head of the ladder watching the innocent antics of the animals. Claudia halted within a few yards of him and gazed spellbound.

'Don't attract his attention,' I hissed. 'He 'll demand our credentials and have us thrown overboard.'

'Is it Admiral Beatty?' she asked in an awestruck stage aside.

'I hardly think so,' I whispered. 'He 's got his cap on too straight.'

'They are frightfully alike, anyhow,' Claudia went on. 'The same eternal watchfulness, the same iron firmness of jaw that comes from years and years of unremitting silent service,'— she smiled in the direction of the Sub-Lieutenant,—'my goodness, I do *adore* blue-and-gold!'

The Sub flicked a thread off his sleeve, patted his tie, shot his cuffs and stepped toward us. His number was up.

'If you would care to see over the ship I shall be only too happy to show you round — ahem!'

Claudia beamed. That would simply be too frightfully thrilling. To explore a Dreadnought was the one thing she had been dying to do all her life. Oh joy! Oh bliss!

We processed forward, Claudia skipping gayly along in front prattling to the guide, followed by myself bearing her parcels, bag, raincoat, and Ting-a-ling the Peke; Uncle John bringing up the rear, short-sightedly tripping over things and stopping to apologize to them. We went everywhere and saw everything. I have n't the faintest idea where we went or what we saw, because our guide was too busy to explain.

Going, he was doing his darndest to persuade Claudia into dining and jazzing with him in town some day; coming back his feelings had progressed somewhat, and he was imploring her to marry him on his next leave. By the time we had returned to the stern and the officers' dugouts Claudia had promised faithfully to be his on November 3, always providing her family had n't kidnapped her in

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the meanwhile or that she wasn't marrying somebody else on that day. A sun-blaze of gold braid, surmounted by a weather-carved humorous face, suddenly shone out from a curtained doorway. Claudia smiled at him. The humorous mouth twitched at the corners in response.

'For heaven's sake go easy,' I implored; 'it's the Captain, I believe.'

'I 'm going to thank him, then; it's only polite,' said Claudia, and ran toward the sun-blaze. 'We 're most frightfully obliged to you for letting us come aboard your splendid ship; it's been too utterly gorgeous for words. I don't know when I 've enjoyed myself more.'

She let loose the full glowing radiance of her smile. 'Thank you most frightfully.'

His number was up.

'Delighted, I'm sure,' he laughed; 'but I shall be even more so if you'll come and have tea with me?'

Claudia flashed a 'come along' signal over her shoulder at her Uncle John and myself and pranced inside the big stern cabin.

'It *is* the Captain?' I gasped.

'The bloke calls himself an Admiral as a matter of fact,' grumbled the Sub, staring mournfully after Claudia. 'Go ahead, he'll give you plum-cake, I dare say.'

Punch

GETTING ABOUT

'WHAT! shall it be within benefit of clergy to delay the King's message on the high road? To intercept the great respirations, ebb and flow, *systole* and *diastole*, of the national intercourse? To endanger the safety of tidings running day and night between all nations and languages?' De Quincey wrote this in glorification of the Royal Mails driving furiously through the country before trains were general and scattering the rural traffic of wagons, gigs, and market carts. The romance which clung about the stagecoach was not passed on to the train. Railway stations are the most prosaic places in the world, and the sole object of the passenger is to pass the time between one stopping place and the next. He thinks only of how to shorten the journey. Long ago, when trains were new, travelers professed themselves fascinated by the sight of the quickly passing landscape.

But now only children want to look out of the window. Trains are regarded as conveniences only — conveniences essential to the life of the nation, we thought till a few short weeks ago, when the patient public who put up with the railway strike took a rueful pleasure in discovering that a full service of trains could be violently interrupted without the destruction of society.

The romance of the stagecoach was emphasized toward the end of 'the coaching days' partly because the system was at its best only a few years before it was superseded. De Quincey describes how as a young man he rode down from Oxford and back again four times a year. 'We heard our speed, we saw it, and felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest of the brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs.' Now, he continues sadly, 'on the new system of traveling iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion.' He is told that between London and York his train has traveled at so many miles an hour. He believes it because he finds himself in York at the appointed time. He has no consciousness of

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having flown through the air, no sense of exhilaration, no delight in his journey. He simply knows that he has been very comfortable and very dull.

De Quincey had never driven in a motor car. Had he done so he would have known that the marvelous sense of exhilaration which he felt upon the top of 'the mail' was not entirely due to the fact that it was a vehicle drawn by horses. The prosaic dullness of a train comes very largely from the fact of its size. Its individuality is destroyed by its compartments. It bears the same relation to a coach as a block of flats bears to a mansion, or an American liner to a sailing ship. It has 'as many centres as there are separate carriages,' scoffs De Quincey. The 'gathering of gazers' about a mail 'has one centre and acknowledges one interest, but the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water.'

The earlier Victorian novelists constantly laid their scenes in a stage-coach. A journey, even a short journey, offered opportunities for a character drawing, for comic relief, and for the development of a plot to which train traveling does not lend itself. The reader of Dickens is always stepping in and out of a coach in tragic or in comic mood. He may be following the escapades of Mr. Pickwick, or he may be gazing horror-struck at the body of Jonas when on his last journey he 'booked through.' A little earlier than Dickens, however, the coach and the post chaise seem to have played a less part in the scenery of fiction. Considering how often Miss Austen's heroines went out to stay, and how much she depends upon visits for the variety of her narrative, it is wonderful how seldom she has recourse to a journey as an expedient in the development of her plots.

When Mr. and Mrs. Allen took Catherine Morland to Bath nothing happened on the way. The journey 'was performed with suitable quietness and uneventful safety. Neither robbers nor tempests befriended them, nor one lucky overturn to introduce them to a hero. Nothing more alarming occurred than a fear on Mrs. Allen's side of having left her clogs behind her at an inn, and that, fortunately, proved to be groundless.' When Catherine drove from Bath to Northanger a very pretty flirtation took place between her and Henry Tilney, but only such a flirtation as might have arisen during 'a ramble.' When General Tilney turned Catherine out of his house to travel alone to Fullerton, Miss Austen, who cannot be commonplace, resists all temptation to make an adventure of the long lonely journey. 'Her ignorance of her route was so great' that 'she was indebted to the postmasters' for the names of the places she must pass through to get to Salisbury. She, however, 'met with nothing to distress or frighten her.' 'Her youth, civil manners, and liberal pay procured her all the attention that a traveler like herself could require.'

'Fanny's' difficulty in finding an escort to make possible for her the long journey from Portsmouth to Mansfield plays a great part in *Mansfield Park;* but when at last Edmund does appear with the post chaise the journey is remarkable for nothing but his doleful silence. 'Sense' and 'Sensibility' make various long journeys together, but they are performed, like Catherine's, in 'quietness and safety,' and are varied only by witty descriptions of Marianne's moods. It is surprising how fast they seem to have got over the ground in those steamless days! Mr. D'Arcy speaks of fifty miles as 'an easy distance, little more than half a day's journey.' Earlier still, when roads were so much worse,

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Sterne, who loved the romance of the road no less than Dickens, tells us how, setting forth from London after an early breakfast, he 'got set down to a fricassee' in the afternoon of the same day 'incontestably in France.'

In turning over an old copy of the *Adventurer* dated 1753, we came the other day across an essay of Dr. Johnson's on the humors of the road. It is really amusing, and reads as though it had been drawn forth by Boswell at table rather than written by Johnson at his desk. Four people besides the lexicographer get into a coach. 'We sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces and endeavoring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.' Till they come to the first inn no one speaks. Once set down to a meal, however, their tongues are unloosed, and they all begin to boast. Each tries to make upon the others an impression of social superiority. One gives himself out to be rich, another aristocratic, and a third learned; but

> none of these hints made much impression on the company. Everyone was apparently suspected of trying to impose false appearances upon the rest. All continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims, and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect. Thus we traveled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing and without any endeavor but to outvie one another in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

'How greatly we have improved since those days!' will be the instinctive thought of most travelers who read these words. Possibly we have. On the other hand, the majority of travelers by train have no chance of putting their good humor to the proof. They do not pass four days together in closer intimacy than that of a party in a country house, as did Johnson's fellow passengers.

If railway traveling in general offers less material for the novelist than traveling by any other method, the recent railway strike is full of romantic suggestions. It would certainly supply material for several light operas and sentimental tales. A chorus of amateurs who rush to the rescue in every labor difficulty, comprising Dukes and M.P.'s and Countesses and crossing sweepers, might make a fortune for a new Gilbert and Sullivan. A counterfeit presentment of slow trains driven by aristocrats disguised as engineers, assisted by engineers disguised as aristocrats, guarded by millionaires, and filled with boys and girls returning to school, should offer as good an opportunity for fooling as ever was offered by the old stagecoach.

The Spectator

TEACHING THE HISTORY OF TO-DAY

BY A SCHOOLMASTER

We have realized more than ever this term that a proper understanding of modern affairs is not only essential for anyone who wishes to keep abreast of the times, but indispensable also for an adequate appreciation of the meaning of history. For a casual glance at any daily paper shows that history of the first importance is being enacted every day of our lives. The period of history through which we are passing at the present moment is at least as important as any period recorded in our history books. And it is, we maintain only by understanding contemporary history that we can gain a right view of the history of the past.

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But the difficulties in the study of contemporary history are, first, that almost for the first time we realize that history is not the story of any one country or people, and the field of our study is nothing less than the whole world; and second, that, whereas, in studying the history of the past the sorting of the evidence has all been done for us, in the present the evidence is more abundant and confusing than ever before, and it is we who have to do the sorting. Now some attempt has been made during the war to draw attention to the significance of events by means of a weekly talk by a member of the staff. This method, however, besides putting an undue strain on what our American friends call the 'Faculty,' failed to arouse much interest, and tended to defeat its own ends, in that it encouraged boys and girls to feel that their newspaper reading was being done for them. The problem was to arouse interest, and to insure that everyone should make some attempt to study affairs for himself.

Each form was, therefore, offered a portion of the world for special study, and it soon became evident that the interest was there and needed little arousing. It happened, fortunately, that every form had a particular fancy. Form IV—A, Latin, for instance, would have none of Italy and insisted on Russia. So that the world got itself split up, willy-nilly, as follows: The VIth undertook the Balkans and the Near East, the Vth India and the Far East; V—B, Germany and Austria; the Remove (the form where the budding politicians live), Home Affairs; IV—A, Latin Russia and Poland; IV—A, Non-Latin America; IV—B, Latin France; IV—B, Non-Latin Italy; and as further division was found impossible the staff undertook the Colonies. It was felt that the rest of the world might be overlooked unless some other country could justify its claim to be represented. Every effort was made to induce forms to try to see events as a whole through the eyes of their adopted country.

The method of procedure was as follows: Two half-hour periods were assigned each week for a general meeting of the forms. At the first of these a report was presented by each form, and any time left over was set aside for asking questions. At the second the questions previously asked were answered. A chairman of the assembly was elected, and a secretary for the recording of questions. Each form appointed weekly a secretary to draw up the report, and an orator to deliver it. Every form had its own newspaper, and, as far as was practicable, as wide a selection as possible was made. Home affairs soon found that it was necessary to appoint sub-committees, and their report always took the form of a collection of minor reports.

It was the intention that reports should deal as far as possible entirely with fact and not with interpretation of fact. This has naturally proved a difficulty, but the difficulty itself has tended to show the point previously mentioned, that the first requisite for the would-be historian is that he should be able to sift out the truth from conflicting evidence. At first the reports failed either from the incapacity of the form secretary, who was often inclined to hand in undigested newspaper cuttings, but more often from the inaudibility of the orator. After certain elementary rules of procedure had been adopted, such as that anyone who could not hear might get up and interrupt the reader, more interest was aroused, and the standard of oratory improved. There was usually a great deal of difference in the quality of reports, some forms being consist-

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ently concise and exhaustive, while others often caused inattention or disagreement.

Another rule of procedure which was adopted was that the chairman asked at the end of each report whether anyone could supply any omissions. On one occasion the Colonies aroused antagonism by presenting what the army delights in calling a Nil Report. The assembly were highly incensed, but when asked by the representative of the Colonies to supply omissions they were unable to do so, wherefore, it was reasonably contended that the report was not unsatisfactory. This apparently justifiable claim, however, was strongly repudiated, and the situation was saved by a member of the VIth, who remembered having seen something about a strike in Winnipeg (the progress of which, incidentally, had been recorded weekly by the representative of the Colonies). It was decided somewhat arbitrarily that Nil Reports would not be required in future.

At the end of the reading of the reports there was invariably a hurricane of questions. 'I should like to ask America,' etc., became the stereotyped formula, and needless to say America (if the form were awake at the time) promptly retaliated by a counter-question. As a rule, notice was taken for answering questions, but as knowledge increased it was found desirable that some questions, points of geography, for instance, should be answered on the spot. It naturally proved difficult at times to find the necessary evidence for answering some questions, but for a representative to plead that 'evidence had not yet come to hand' was allowed, provided that he undertook to keep his eye upon the matter and to report later if possible. The formula, 'I will answer that question next time,' fortunately, became less frequent with the increase of confidence and experience, but it is still too common a subterfuge for the unprepared.

Though the experiment is still in its early stages and capable of further development, it has been abundantly proved already that interest in international politics does not require much stimulating. Interesting debates between actual or potential national opponents have been frequent, and one has felt at times over how slight a point one nation is liable to declare war upon another. It is noticeable that the majority has gone very strongly over to the Left. The government of our own country has come in for far more criticism than support. It has been difficult sometimes to adjust the balance of opinion, especially, for instance, in the matter of our policy in Russia. The Russian delegates have shown a marked tendency to support Bolshevism, but a report presented which was likely to sway the assembly over too uncritically to the side of revolution always evoked a demand from the more balanced listeners for a contrary report from the other side. And if the second report did not succeed so well in appealing to the emotions of the crowd as the first, it at least tended to make it felt that the chief danger in forming a judgment on contemporary history lies not so much in being unable to come to any definite conclusion, but rather in forming conclusions rashly on insufficient evidence. If the experiment has done anything, as we think it has, to help us to realize how history is written, and to enable us to base our judgments on a critical attitude, it has already done much toward helping on the study of history. It has, at any rate, given an outlet for the interest in present-day events that is evidently widespread in most parts of the school.

The Daily Telegraph

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AGE, I DO ABHOR THEE!

Optimism is the most pleasant of the incurable diseases. How prevalent it is may always be seen when anyone appears with a suggestion that he has discovered a means by which life may be indefinitely prolonged. Three out of four men are attracted, and not alarmed, by the suggestion. They would, no doubt, feel a little thrill of nervousness if they were suddenly taken to the Fountain of Youth and invited to drink its waters, or bathe in it, or whatever one does in the Fountain of Youth. But, as soon as one of them had led the way, most of the others would take the plunge. They would say: 'Of course, we don't believe in it,' but all the same you would see them filling bottles with the stuff to take home with them, and add to the barley-water or the bath-water, in case a single treatment should prove to be insufficient.

It is not that everyone would care to live till 969, the age of Methuselah, unless he were sure that a few of his friends would survive with him. To be Methuselah was all very well in a world in which, according to the computation of the learned, men did not arrive at puberty till the age of 130. Methuselah was old in a world of old men. Adam himself had lived till 930. Noah, who was a middle-aged man of 600 when he built the Ark, went on living till he was 930. But, alas! longevity of this kind is rare outside the borderland of Paradise. Mr. Charles Sayle compiled a few years ago a birthday book called *The Ages of Man*, giving a reference to every age, wherever it was possible, up to that of Methuselah and even beyond it. But, when he came to the greater numbers, he had to take refuge among comic writers and students of the other world. Opposite the age of 700 he could find only certain devils who declared on August 13, 1491, that they were longer-lived than men, and lasted from 700 to 800 years. At the age of 524 no one but Gargantua could be put forward, who was thus old when he begat Pantagruel. Who would willingly survive with no contemporaries but devils and characters in fiction? We fear the annals of this Europe of ours contain no precedent for a life of even 200 years. Old Parr — the 'old, old, very old man'— did well enough, and he achieved only a little more than 152 years.

Metchnikoff tells of a Frenchwoman who died in the last century at the age of 158, and who during the last ten years of her life lived on cheese and goat's milk. But of all the people who lived on cheese and goat's milk, she alone seems to have got into the second half of a second century. Other instances of centenarians quoted by Mr. Sayle suggest that, if goat's milk is good, it may be none the worse for having a little rum added to it. Polatiman, a surgeon, for instance, who died at 140, 'was in the habit, from his twenty-fifth year upward, of getting drunk every night, after having attended to his practice all day.' 'The Irish landowner Brawn,' we read in another entry, 'who lived to 120, had an inscription put upon his tombstone that he was always drunk, and when in that condition was so terrible that even Death had been afraid of him.'

We doubt, however, if it would be wise for those who hope to live long to follow the example of Brawn. *Post hock sed non propter hock* is a good proverb. Brandy in Latin and French, and whiskey in Irish, is called the 'water of life,' but as a preventive of death it cannot infallibly be relied on. Many drunkards have died before they reached 80. We heard of one poor wretch who died at 75. The sovereign

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remedy for old age has yet to be discovered.

It is even possible to make out a case for abstinence as the best means of living long. Luigi Cornaro, who lived to 104 — some people say 98 — and wrote a treatise known in English as *The Art of Living Long*, contended that, if men were born healthy and lived temperately, it would be a usual thing to see them reaching the age of 120. 'I am certain I, too, should live to that age, he wrote in a pathetic passage in his book, 'had it been my good fortune to receive a similar blessing at my birth; but, because I was born with a poor constitution, I fear I shall not live much beyond 100 years. Yet all those who are born delicate, like myself, would no doubt reach, in perfect health, the age of 100 and more years — as I feel will be the case with me — were they to embrace the temperate life as I have done.' When he was between the ages of 35 and 40 he had brought himself to such a condition of chronic pain and ill-health with intemperate living that his physicians told him he would certainly die within a few months unless he changed his habits. He at last made up his mind to observe diligently what foods agreed with him, having discovered, he says, the falseness of the proverb: 'Whatever tastes good will nourish and strengthen.' 'My experience,' he tells us, '. . . proved this saying to be false. For instance, dry and very cold wine was agreeable to my taste; as were also melons; and, among other garden produce, raw salads; also fish, pork, tarts, vegetable soups, pastries, and other similar articles. All of these, I say, suited my taste exactly, and yet I found they were hurtful to me.' In the result, he discovered a diet that he could digest easily, and allowed himself only a minimum of that.

When he was 78 years old, his doctors urged him to eat and drink a little more in order to increase his strength, and at last he yielded to them. 'This increase, however, was by only two ounces in weight; so that, while with bread, the yolk of an egg, a little meat, and some soup, I had formerly eaten as much as would weigh in all exactly 12 ounces, I now went so far as to raise the amount to 14 ounces; and, while I had formerly drunk but 14 ounces of wine, I now began to take 16 ounces.' The result even of this small increase was almost fatal. Cornaro, however, made haste to return to his old quantities, and was quickly restored to health. At the age of 83 he wrote a comedy 'which, as everybody knows,' he said, 'is a cheerful and witty kind of composition,' and, therefore, a more remarkable feat, he thought, than Socrates performed in writing a tragedy at the age of 73. Cornaro was certainly to be envied, if not for the prolongation of his life, for the enjoyment of it. 'I never knew,' he said, 'the world was beautiful until I reached old age.'

There is a good deal of evidence to show, indeed, that the life of an old man, if he is healthy and is of independent means, may be an exceedingly pleasant one. One writer has suggested that cheerfulness grows with old age, and that old people often find their enjoyment of the beauties of Nature increasing. The tragedy of old age, where it exists, is usually a tragedy of ill-health, helplessness, and neglect. The average old man in civilized countries is little better than a pauper, but even so how often does one find him more serene, genial, and merry than the young and the middle-aged in similar circumstances! There has been a reaction against old age among modern writers, and realists present us with pictures of senile decrepitude, grumpiness, and meanness. But every

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old man is not like Mr. James Stephens's 'old Snarley-gob.'

There was a tailor during the war who advertised that he would not make any clothes for old men, and certain pacifists asked us to believe that old men were simply old wretches with bloodshot eyes rejuvenating themselves with the spectacle of young men going out to be massacred. We are inclined to think that, if any man was to be found so corrupt and insane as to get this kind of pleasure from the war, he was a middle-aged and not an old one. Later middle age is the age at which men take control of the world, and are most jealous of the young.

Old age brings with it a certain resignation — a resignation even to the new generation that is knocking at the doors. There is a natural link between old people and children. It is only the ages in between that feel responsible for the universe. Old age casts dull care away, as middle age cannot. There is an element of friskiness in a healthy old person, as in that Rebecca Freeland whose epitaph Mr. Sayle quotes:

> She drank good ale, good punch, good wine,
> And lived to the age of ninety-nine.

Who would not live to be a hundred if he could be a Rebecca Freeland? Who would not be an old man even, like Horace Walpole, who pulled along his gouty constitution with the aid of iced water till the age of eighty?

One's attitude to the report of the discovery of a new cure for old age will be decided largely by one's feelings as to the desirability of long life. At the same time, the discovery is of such an unpleasant kind that it will leave many people doubtful as regards both the decency and the effects of the cure, supposing it to be a cure. Dr. Voronoff announces that he has experimented with his cure, not only on a number of animals, but on two old men. Of the latter he says: 'I have restored youthful vigor by grafting upon them certain glands taken from an ape.' One of the men — not a very old one, only 66 — was, we are told, 'a bowed, decrepit, weak man in senile decay' before the operation. Since the operation, though his hair remains white and his skin wrinkled, he 'walks upright, with a firm step, and brain clear and active, sleeps well, and has the appetite of a man in the prime of life.'

These are certainly desirable results so far. A good appetite, a clear brain, a firm step — what more could one ask short of a good conscience and immortality? Still, somehow, one recoils. Is not man already enough of an ape without having an ape's glands grafted on him? Is it certain that in his new lease of life he will not become less and less of a man, and more and more of an ape? On the other hand, we do not become as the bullocks are by living on bullocks, or as the sheep are by living on sheep. We admit there is that to be remembered. Still, eating is not grafting, and we have the world's experience for several thousands of years to guide us at the dinner table. We cannot be sure that a piece of monkey thrust into some other part of our system than the stomach will not play monkey tricks with us and send us skipping up trees and hanging from the branches with the tails of our evening clothes. It would be a horrible thing to see old men with white beards developing prognathous jaws and flocking into the dancing clubs with the ululations of the forest.

The contemporary music-hall revue is already appalling enough; it would be unbearable if the stalls were crowded with monagenarians who were partly orang-outangs. A London physician was one day arguing with an idealist about some question concern-

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ing the progress of society. At last the idealist gave it up. 'It's no use going on,' he said; 'we differ fundamentally. You see, I believe that God is the father of mankind.' 'Ah, yes,' quickly replied the doctor, 'but was n't there a monkey on the mother's side?' There was undoubtedly a monkey somewhere, and man spends his life in getting rid of it. With luck he can do this on the verge of 70. He may be considered lucky if he does it at all before he has become helpless. The odd thing is that it is the monkey in man that is especially desirous of prolongation of life on this particular planet. The saint and the hero think of life in other terms. They neither cling to life nor despise it. They even tell us that, unless we are indifferent to life, we cannot enjoy it. They aim at the perfection of a circle, not at the indefinite prolongation of a dubiously straight line.

On the other hand, the saint and hero in men are intermittent. The monkey swings quickly into their place, full of desire for length of days. He would do anything to be young again. He would drink sour milk. He would drink the tea of long life discovered in the eighteenth century, or chew everything he eats several hundred times, after the manner of the late Mr. Fletcher. Alas! poor creature, he is always ready to believe that somebody has discovered the cure for old age, though nobody has yet discovered a cure for baldness. We trust, however, that even in these days of the popularity of offals, he will have no traffic with the glands of apes. Better teetotalism, sour milk, deep breathing, and the diet of Nebuchadnezzar than that. Imagine a Parliament crowded with surgeons' apes produced by this new operation! Why, they would govern the world no better than it is being governed now.

The New Statesman

THE CHURCHES IN THE WAR

In the rude dramatization of war for the civilian people the 'padre' has had a fairly conspicuous rôle, and the attitude of Tommy toward this functionary of the spiritual life has been a frequent topic of reflective or of humorous comment. But merely journalistic or literary treatment of such a topic is not likely to yield much reliable testimony of a representative kind. This consideration gives importance to the results of a more orderly inquiry made by a committee of clergy and laymen of various denominations into the religion of our army as disclosed in the stress of the war. Nearly three hundred memoranda, based on the evidence of many hundred witnesses, were obtained from men of all ranks, 'Generals down to privates, chaplains, doctors, nurses, hut leaders, and workers,' and a careful sifting of the material thus got has yielded a very interesting report, drafted by Dr. Cairns, and published, with a preface by the Bishop of Winchester, under the title, *The Army and Religion* (Macmillan & Co.).

Directed to ascertain 'What the men are thinking about Religion, Morality, and Society,' 'The changes in moral and religious outlook made by the war,' and 'The relation of the men to the churches,' and bearing in mind that the 'men' in question are the virile portion of the nation, the confession before us has deep significance. On every page it bears the mark of a confession. For, though there are wide divergencies and contradictions in some matters of valuation, there is everywhere a frank agreement upon two fundamental judgments. The first is that Christianity in any acknowledged sense has very little hold indeed upon the great majority of the men. The second is that the churches have a heavy and a prime responsi-

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bility for this failure. Indeed, the admission of their dereliction of duty in this failure appears to us too abject, for a reason to which we will presently advert.

But it stands out as plainly as possible that the churches, as omnipresent institutions in our land, with their traditional prestige and the spiritual influences they claim to exercise, have a quite negligible interest or meaning for the mass of our men. It is not that this belief has been assailed by any tide of skepticism, that there is any positive rejection of creeds. Indeed, there is an interesting consensus of evidence in favor of the view that there is a dim sort of religious consciousness generally prevalent. But it belongs to what would be called the sphere of natural rather than of revealed religion, and has no dogmatic or ecclesiastical attachment.

A saying, to which this inquiry gives just prominence, holds that 'The soldier has got religion, I am not so sure that he has got Christianity.' What religion has he 'got'? If 'got' implies a firm and conscious possession, it is too strong a term to describe the vague flicker of beliefs and feelings revealed by this 'cloud' of witness. There is, however, by general assent, a belief in God and a 'respect' for the character of Jesus Christ. But in both cases the conception of these beings and of the part they play in the moral government of the world is quite vague, while the particular tenets of the Christian faith with its scheme of salvation have no place whatever in their mind. 'They have not the foggiest notion of what it is all about.' The Incarnation and Atonement mean nothing to them.

This discovery of complete ignorance of the Christian teaching for which the churches are responsible is infinitely disconcerting, and there is an illuminating sentence by a Wesleyan chaplain to the effect that 'The men largely miss Christ through lack of reliable information about Him.' This criticism, indeed, may be extended into the admission that the failure of the churches to put Christianity into the men, and their nation, may be due, in part at any rate, to a failure to impart 'reliable information.' The vagueness of this 'elemental religion' found among the men is often expressed by speaking of the 'unreality' of the religion of the churches to them. And there is an admission that this 'unreality' is largely not the fault of the men, but of the churches. They have not made themselves sufficiently 'real.'

> To sum up a good deal of evidence, we seem to have left the impression on them that there is little or no life in the church at all, that it is an antiquated and decaying institution, standing by dogmas expressed in archaic language, and utterly out of touch with modern thought and living experience.

When the vague natural religion of the men seizes upon any reality, it is generally the magical element that appeals to them. So the Bible is often carried as a mascot, and the sacrament and the act of prayer are prophylactic charms. Most men, however, live and fight in a dim spiritual atmosphere of indifference. So far as conscious reflection enters at all, it brings a feeling of fatality impressed by the sense of their utter impotence as 'things' caught in the machinery of war and devoid of will and responsibility.

And here we approach the heart of the matter. For men in modern war, not only religion, but politics and every other sphere of personal conduct, is numbed and paralyzed. They cannot think or feel much about anything except the immediate things they have to do or suffer. And these belong to the 'material' side of war. No doubt peace has her materialism no less than

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war, and we hear much from these clergymen about the materialism of the age in which we are living and how it saps the sources of the higher life. But the materialism of war is overwhelming and must reduce all spiritual life to its lowest terms.

While everywhere there will be rare natures whose spiritual experience will be ripened and enriched by mystical interpretations of the terrible trials of faith through which they and mankind with them are passing, the ordinary mind of the uneducated classes will be reduced to chaos and a self-preserving sanity of indifference before such a terrible and unintelligible procession of events. But where a tougher 'will to think' survives, we are presented with the utter impotence of the churches before the secular probings of the Book of Job.

Where is the Almighty Father in this business?

Why did God permit the war?

Why are the innocent punished along with the guilty?

These questions are met, or rather parried, by quite futile talk about the duty of the churches to relate the responsibility of God to 'the existence of free human personalities living under a moral order,' and to 'vitalize' the great doctrines of the Christian churches. We speak of the talk as futile, because in it we read no added power or willingness to do now or in the future what the churches have consistently failed to do in the past: to make the spirit of Christianity vital in the western peoples. For, in order to test the spirit of Christianity it must be presented, not in its western institutional and national alloys, but in the absoluteness of its original appeal to the power of love and the spiritual equality of mankind. Speaking quite candidly, we do not know whether the fully spiritual and ethical religion of Jesus can be successfully implanted in our western breasts. For the trouble has always been that not merely has our conduct fallen short of our spiritual ideals, but these ideals themselves have never been distinctively Christian. A Scottish officer very well expresses the actual religion which he finds as 'patriotism and valor tinged with chivalry and at the best merely colored with sentiment and emotion borrowed from Christianity.'

This is the ideal which Malory puts into the mouth of Sir Ector:

> Ah, Lancelot [he said], thou were head of all Christian knights; and now, I dare say [said Sir Ector], thou, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear to the rest.

This is still the 'Christian knight' in all essentials, and our churches have always played down to this distinctively pagan worship, and the attempts to blend with it selected strains of oriental mysticism and asceticism, and to soften it with the human beauties of the personality of Jesus have gone far toward producing that sense of 'unreality' which all the witnesses admit.

These padres have complained that such religion as they find is not Christian. The men may properly retort the charge upon the churches. And they do. The minority whose thought on such matters is at all alive are putting trenchant question. What did the churches do during the war to give effect to Christ's teaching? Or more specifically — What did the ministers

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of the gospel of love do (1) to keep down hate and the propaganda of hate? (2) to favor the earliest possibility of a good peace? (3) to urge just and healing terms in the peace that was imposed? Our newspapers have been full of headlines of the aspirations of the churches toward the 'Brotherhood of Nations.' Where has this sense of brotherhood been lying during the last five years, when brother has been stamping out the life of brother and spitting poison at him across the spiritual and material barriers? The representatives of the churches here confess, 'We could do little: we would like to have done more; but we were so weak; our want of earnest, strenuous endeavor in the past deprived us of the faith in ourselves and others needed for any great work.' They add, 'We must do better in the future.'

But will they? Here, as always, they raise the cry, 'Materialism.' But what is materialism? It is the preference of the physical to the spiritual, the worship of the dead substance instead of the living power. Now materialism, as an operative element in the art of life, means the reliance upon physical instead of moral force. Thus war is the supreme exhibition of materialism. For though the antinomy of physical and spiritual force may not be ultimate and absolute, the charge of materialism, so far as it is valid, consists in the reversion to a course of conduct in which spiritual influences are at a minimum. And this is war, where the settlement of the profoundest issues, involving the justice and happiness of men, are submitted to a strictly materialistic determination. Perhaps the worst moral feature in such a process is the juggling sophistication by which statesmen, peoples, and above all their spiritual pastors and masters, persuade themselves and others that the real combatants are spiritual ideals and that, somehow, ordeal by battle still holds good as an orderly process in the moral government of the world.

It is the utter and complete failure of the churches, as reflected even in the well-meaning spiritual fumbling of such an inquiry as lies before us, to perceive the incompatibility of the two terms, army and religion, which they thus bring together, that is the crowning proof of that 'unreality' which they admit is the charge the soldiers bring against the Christianity of the churches. How could it be otherwise? The presentation of Christ in khaki at the front carries a feeling of moral and intellectual blasphemy to most sincere-minded men and women, which is not really overcome, though it may be modified, by the deep conviction of the inherent righteousness of our cause,' which is always entertained by all the warring nations who introduce on to the battlefield their tribal gods, with an equal insistence that this time the tribal cause is that of unconditional justice and humanity. War may or may not be an eternal necessity. We hold that it is not. But if and so long as it be necessary, let Christianity be kept out of the affair, and above all let nobody pretend that anything but evil to the spiritual life can come out of this devil's game. We feel certain that this is the representative feeling of the men who have been players in this game. The failure to perceive the validity of this judgment, attested by the failure in this inquiry even to confront this ultimate spiritual issue, is the most searching commentary upon the condition of the Christian churches. Though the disability to confront the issue may well inhere in the situation as envisaged by the churches, it is of the gravest urgency that the earnest men and women, who have everywhere been shaken from their attachments by the growing conviction of the failure

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of the churches, shall recognize the nature of that failure in the betrayal of the spiritual cause of the ascent of man of which the churches have been guilty.

The Nation

GENEVA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY A GENEVAN

DURING the debate which took place in our country over the entrance of Switzerland into the League of Nations, the position of Geneva as capital of the League attracted much attention. In addition to the many approving voices which declared their appreciation of the honor done to our city and our nation, there were heard, it must be confessed, certain adverse criticisms. Those who thus animadverted asked if Geneva, in thus becoming the capital of the federation of civilization, did not risk certain moral and political dangers, even the danger of becoming denationalized.

It is wise to consider this problem frankly. It is well that all Switzerland should know how the immense majority of Genevans regard the honor which has fallen to our city.

Let us begin by saying that in accepting the charge of the League of Nations, Geneva does not for an instant separate her destiny from that of her own land. It is to a Swiss city that the Powers have entrusted the League; it is to all Switzerland that a compliment has been paid. Let no one dream, then, of setting Geneva and the nation at odds, or believe that the city, in becoming the capital of the League, can be morally or politically separated from the confederation in which she has found happiness.

In regard to the advantages and disadvantages of having the League at Geneva, let us make haste to say that we are not seduced by the prospect of material gain. If the choice of Geneva can assure our city a fine economic development, if it can bring to pass certain developments to which we have all along looked forward, it can also mean a genuine danger to our people; it can bring a rise in the cost of living, the scarcity of lodging and other troubles. Certain Genevans may find the League means profit; the majority of townspeople, however, have no illusions on the matter.

Thus it is not material matters which have called forth the joyous manifestations of our authorities and our people. The sentiment which dominates us is one of pride and responsibility. Of pride, we say, because the choice of the Powers was not wholly influenced by the central situation or the beauty of Geneva; the choice is rather a homage to our history, to our institutions, to the works to which the name of Geneva and Switzerland have been attached. When the founders of the Society of Nations wished to build a new organization for peace, they felt that at Geneva this new organization would find a favorable site and a sympathetic atmosphere. It is this confidence in us which is the source of our pleasure.

At the same time this confidence inspires us with a lively sentiment of responsibility. We must show ourselves worthy of the honor. The choice of the Powers will impose new duties upon leaders, citizens, and the political and social centres. We must not become puffed up with pride, for a boastful attitude will be the end of us. We shall do better, if we ask ourselves if we are really worthy of our past and the honor done us. Instead of making us lazy, the thought of being the centre

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of a great new organization should be for us a salutary stimulant.

It is not because Geneva is the capital of the League that Genevans believe in the League of Nations. It is rather because we have long believed in the League that Geneva has been chosen. We believe in it because a peaceful grouping of states corresponds to our political, moral, and social ideal. We shall do all in our power to make the future League a veritable federation of the peoples who compose it. It is not a matter of indifference that the League should have its offices in a land as democratic as Switzerland and in a city which has been the cradle of modern democracy.

In entering confidently into the League (in spite of the imperfections of the treaty of Paris), Switzerland, instead of breaking with her history, remains faithful to her traditional mission which is that of a common friend of peoples and nations. This mission she sought during the war to accomplish upon the field of charity. But the task before her to-day is greater still.

Let us, then, attach ourselves, not only in Geneva, but also in all Switzerland to this task with real confidence. It was the political and moral side of the League which made Genevans acclaim the choice of their city for its headquarters. Let us hope that it will be thus understood in all Switzerland; that every citizen will strive to create the favorable atmosphere which the creators of the new world have come to us to find. A brave internationalism, which should henceforth sway the relations of peoples, should not be understood as a negation, but as the harmonious and orderly development of the best side of patriotism. Love of country cannot be in opposition to the advancement of humanity.

Le Journal de Geneve

DEVELOPMENT OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

BY W. L. GEORGE

It is difficult to consider nations without pity and cynicism. One is minded, with Anatole France, thus to sum up the history of men: 'They were born, they suffered, and they died.' But quietist philosophy fits not nations akin to dogs asleep in their kennels, and waking only to bite their neighbors. Before the war, most Britons thought that Americans were money-making machines, gladly henpecked by their wives, in politics corrupt, and in law fantastic. On the other hand, many Americans thought that the British understood nothing, that their idea of machinery was represented by the wooden plough of the Chinese, and that their views of government had remained unaltered since the days of Charles II.

There hid in these beliefs just that sediment of truth which promotes error. The two peoples were placing each other under the microscope, and exaggerating each other's national characteristics into antagonistic differences. That must end; the only way for us to look at America is this: a nation has not achieved a united population of a hundred millions, a trade of eight hundred millions or so, founded universities in every state, produced Lincoln, Whitman, Wilson, Henry James, without having in its composition some greatness. And the American must seek a greatness in the spirit which somehow (never mind how) has made the British Empire. So much for the spirit. A common enemy has brought the peoples together, closer than would have a common ideal; but there is still too much of the old snapping and snarling, too much wrangling because America is getting new trade,

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or because we are given too many League of Nations votes.

Now, this article is not intended as a counter-snarl to the snarls I refer to. As Mr. Bertrand Russell says, one can kill a passion only through another passion. In other words, it is not enough to bless the Anglo-American Entente. We must help it in precise and simple ways. For instance, on this side we could do away with the registration of Americans as aliens. It is to my mind absurd that we should register any aliens, but it is still more absurd that we should register our allies and inflict on Americans the annoyance and humiliation of police control.

But we need constructive measures as well as reliefs from vexations, measures which will facilitate intercourse between the peoples. For most hostility arises from strangeness, and most of us hate our neighbors as we love ourselves. Notably, we must ask America for generosity in regard to copyright. At present, no book obtains copyright in America unless it is printed in America. This is a serious impediment, for the best books have the worst circulations, and so a work of merit does not always find an American publisher. When eventually the author of this work gains fame, he can be pirated all over America. He is naturally aggrieved, and tends to devote his now famous pen to the abuse of Americans and their laws. So we might ask America to enter the Berne Convention, which protects copyright over the whole of the civilized world. Incidentally, this would give American works a protection which they do not enjoy in Europe.

The second set of measures is represented by cheap cables and cheap fares. The present cable rate of a shilling a word does not facilitate business; it impedes it. The time has come for cables to be laid jointly by the two governments, and if it does cost us something to forward messages for a halfpenny a word, well, it must cost something; we shall obtain our reward in trade, and, what is better, in national familiarity. The same applies to cheap fares, which can be given on subsidized lines. When fifty dollars take a man (saloon) from London to New York, we shall have removed an obvious barrier to national intercourse.

But national good will needs further stimulus, and I should like to find this in propaganda. I should like to see constituted (and the English-Speaking Union might consider this function) a joint Anglo-American body for the promotion of mutual understanding. I imagine this body made up of the most prominent personalities in literature, art, politics, and social economy, on both sides of the Atlantic. Its mission would be to encourage mutual knowledge of what is civilized and ennobling in the other. For instance, this body could organize Loan Exhibitions, for it is a great mistake to think that there are no American sculptors and painters. It could form a joint publishing house, and, with good commercial management, would, I think, find a big sale for cheap classics; this would particularly help America, for while our classics are her classics, her classics are little known to us. I should like to see abundant cheap publications of the works of Longfellow, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Lowell, Whitman, etc., of the speeches of Lincoln and other historical American figures, of lives of notable Americans.

The classics do not exhaust our common need. I imagine that body as circulating also current works of mark, the latest poetry, novels of quality but small appeal, political, historical, and

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economic works; and as I conceive no highbrow body, I should like the organization to enter courageously the popular field, and to set out in the newspapers to inform the two peoples of all that is most progressive in the movements of the time.

Yes, I know there are objections; thousands of people will find reasons why this should not be done. But objections are made to be answered. I know that the selection of the committee is not easy, that it may fall into the hands of jingoes, mandarins, and old women; I know that it may not pay its way; I know it may make a fool of itself. But this is the modern world, not the world that will come out of the egg of the millennium, and we must do what we can. The body could be made up partly of government nominees, *jointly appointed* by the British and American Governments; partly of members of the scientific and literary academies on both sides; partly — and this is important — of nominees of the big municipalities. It is folly to expect London and New York to unite the two countries; Manchester and Chicago, San Francisco and Cardiff must also make their voice heard. No man rich in good will should be excluded, for it lies in our hands to make of the acquaintanceship a friendship; and it may not be too much to say that if we neglect the opportunity given us by fortune we shall commit a crime against the future for which the future will certainly exact vengeance.

The Landmark

CRAZED

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

I KNOW a pool where nightshade preens
  Her poisonous fruitage in the moon;
Where the frail aspen her shadow leans
  In midnight cold a-swoon.

I know a meadow flat with gold —
  A million million burning flowers
In noon-sun's thirst their buds unfold
  Beneath his blazing showers.

I saw a crazed face, did I,
  Stare from the lattice of a mill,
While the lank sails clacked idly by,
  High on a windy hill.

The Westminster Gazette

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THE RUNAWAY

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MOTI BABU, *Zamindar* of Katalia, was on his way home by boat. There had been the usual forenoon halt, alongside a village mart on the river, and the cooking of the midday meal was in progress.

A Brahman boy came up to the boat and asked: 'Which way are you going, Sir?' He could not have been older than fifteen or sixteen.

'To Katalia,' Moti Babu replied.

'Could you give me a lift to Nandigram, on your way?'

Moti Babu acceded and asked the young fellow his name.

'My name is Tara,' said the boy.

With his fair complexion, his great big eyes, and his delicate, finely-cut, smiling lips, the lad was strikingly handsome. All he had on was a *dhoti*, somewhat the worse for wear, and his bare upper body displayed no superfluity either of clothing or flesh — its rounded proportions looked like some sculptor's masterpiece.

'My son,' said Moti Babu affectionately, 'have your bath and come on board. You will dine with me.'

'Wait a minute, Sir,' said Tara, with which he jumped on the servants' boat moored astern, and set to work to assist in the cooking. Moti Babu's servant was an up-country man and it was evident that his ideas of preparing fish for the pot were crude. Tara relieved him of his task and neatly got through it with complete success. He then made up one or two vegetable dishes with a skill which showed a good deal of practice. His work finished, Tara, after a plunge in the river, took out a fresh *dhoti* from his bundle, clad himself in spotless white, and with a little wooden comb smoothed back his flowing locks from his forehead into a cluster behind his neck. Then, with his sacred thread glistening over his breast, he presented himself before his host.

Moti Babu took him into the cabin where his wife, Annapurna, and their nine-year-old daughter were sitting. The good lady was immensely taken with the comely young fellow — her whole heart went out to him. Where could he be coming from: whose child could he be: ah, poor thing, how could his mother bear to be separated from him? — thought she to herself.

Dinner was duly served and a seat placed for Tara by Moti Babu's side. The boy seemed to have but a poor appetite. Annapurna put it down to bashfulness and repeatedly pressed him to try this and that, but he would not allow himself to be persuaded. He had clearly a will of his own, but he showed it quite simply and naturally without any appearance of willfulness or obstinacy.

When they had all finished, Annapurna made Tara sit by her side and questioned him about himself. She was not successful in gathering much of a connected story, but this, at least, was clear, that he had run away from home at the early age of ten or eleven.

'Have you no mother?' asked Annapurna.

'Yes.'

'Does she not love you?'

This last question seemed to strike

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the boy as highly absurd. He laughed as he replied: 'Why should she not?'

'Why did you leave her, then?' pursued the mystified lady.

'She has four more boys and three girls.'

Annapurna was shocked. 'What a thing to say!' she cried. 'Can one bear to cut off a finger because there are four more?'

Tara's history was as brief as his years were few, but for all that the boy was quite out of the common. He was the fourth son of his parents and had lost his father in his infancy. In spite of this large family of children, Tara had always been the favorite. He was petted alike by his mother, his brothers and sisters, and the neighbors. Even the schoolmaster usually spared him the rod, and when he did not, the punishment was felt by all the class. So there was no reason for him to leave his home. But, curiously enough, though the scamp of the village — whose time was divided between tasting of the fruits stolen from the neighbors' trees and the more plentiful fruits of his stealing pressed on him by these same neighbors — remained within the village bounds clinging to his scolding mother, the pet of the village ran away to join a band of wandering players.

There was a hue and cry, and a rescue party hunted him out and brought him back. His distracted mother strained him to her breast and deluged him with her tears. A stern sense of duty forced his elders to make an heroic effort to administer a mild corrective, but overcome by the reaction they lavished their repentant fondness on him worse than ever. The neighbors' wives redoubled their attentions in the hope of reconciling him to his home life. But all bonds, even those of affection, were irksome to the boy. The star under which he was born must have decreed him homeless.

When Tara saw boats from foreign parts being towed along the river; or a *Sannyasi*, in his wanderings through unknown lands, resting under one of the village trees, or a gypsy camp sprung up on the fallow field by the river, the gypsies seated by their mat-walled huts, splitting bamboos and weaving baskets, his spirit longed for the freedom of the mysterious outside world, unhampered by ties of affection. After he had repeated his escapade two or three times, his relations and neighbors gave up all hope of him.

When the proprietor of the band of players, which he had joined, began to love Tara as a son and he became the favorite of the whole party, big and small alike — when he found that even the people of the houses at which their performances were given, chiefly the women, would send for him to mark their special appreciation, he gave them all the slip, and his companions could find no trace of him.

Tara was as impatient of bondage as a young deer, and as susceptible to music. It was the songs in the theatrical performances which had drawn him away from his home ties. Their tunes would make corresponding waves course through his veins and his whole being swayed to their rhythm. Even when he was quite a child, the solemn way in which he would sit out a musical performance, gravely nodding to mark the time, used to make it difficult for the grown-ups to restrain their laughter. Not only music, but the patter of the heavy July rain on the trees in full foliage, the roll of the thunder, the moaning of the wind through the thickets, as of some infant giant strayed from its mother, would make him beside himself. The distant cry of the kites flying high in the blazing mid-day sky, the croaking of the frogs on a

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rainy evening, the howling of the jackals at dead of night — all these stirred him to his depths.

This passion for music next led him to take up with a company of ballad singers. The master took great pains in teaching him to sing and recite ballads composed in alliterative verse and jingling metre, based on stories from the epics, and became as fond of him as if he were a pet singing bird. But after he had learned several pieces, one fine morning it was found that the bird had flown.

In this part of the country, during June and July, a succession of fairs are held turn by turn in the different villages, and bands of players and singers and dancing girls, together with hordes of traders of every kind, journey in boats along the big and little rivers from fair to fair. Since the year before a novelty in the shape of a party of acrobats had joined the throng. Tara after leaving the ballad singers had been traveling with a trader, helping him to sell his *pan*. His curiosity being roused, he threw in his lot with the acrobats. He had taught himself to play on the flute, and it was his sole function to play jigs, in the Lucknow style, while the acrobats were doing their feats. It was from this troupe that he had last run away. Tara had heard that the *Zamindar* of Nandigram was getting up some amateur theatricals on a grand scale. He promptly tied up his belongings into a bundle, with the intention of going there, when he came across Moti Babu.

Tara's imaginative nature had saved him from acquiring the manners of any of the different companies with whom he had hobnobbed. His mind had always remained aloof and free. He had seen and heard many ugly things, but there was no vacancy within him for these to be stored away. Like other bonds, habit also failed to hold him. Swan-like, he swam lightly over the muddy waters of the world, and no matter how often his curiosity impelled him to dive into the mire beneath, his feathers remained unruffled and white. That is why the face of the runaway shone with an unsullied youthfulness which made even the middle-aged, worldy Moti Babu accept and welcome him, unquestioning and undoubting.

After dinner was over, the boat was cast off and Annapurna, with an affectionate interest, went on asking all about Tara's relatives and his home life. The boy made the shortest possible replies and at last sought refuge in flight to the deck.

The vast river outside, swollen by the seasonal rains to the last limit of its brink, seemed to embarrass Mother Nature herself by its boisterous recklessness. The sun, shining out of a break in the clouds, touched, as though with a magic wand, the rows of half-submerged reeds at the water's edge, the fresh juicy green of the sugar-cane patches higher up on the bank, and the purple haze of the woodlands on the further shore against the distant horizon. Everything was gleaming and thrilling and quickening and speaking with life.

Tara mounted the upper deck and stretched himself under the shade of the spreading sail. One after another, sloping grassy meadows, flooded jute fields, deep green waves of *Aman* rice, narrow paths winding up to the village from the riverside, villages nestling amid their dense groves, came into sight and passed away. This great world, with its wide-gazing sky, with all the stir and whisper in its fields, the tumult in its water, the restless rustle in its trees, the vast remoteness of its space above and below, was on terms of the closest intimacy with the boy, and yet it never, for a moment, tried

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to bind his restless spirit within a jealously exacting embrace.

Calves were gamboling by the riverside. Hobbled village ponies limped along, grazing on the meadow lands. Kingfishers, perched on the bamboo poles put up for spreading the nets, took a sudden plunge every now and then after fish. Boys were playing pranks in the river. Village maids up to their breasts in the water chattered and laughed as they scrubbed their clothes. Fishwives with their baskets and tucked-up skirts bargained with the fishermen over their catch — these everyday scenes never seemed to exhaust their novelty for Tara, his eyes could never quench their thirst.

Then Tara started to talk with the boatmen. He jumped up and took turns with them at the poles whenever the boat hugged the shore too closely. And when the steersman felt he would like a smoke Tara relieved him at the helm, and seemed to know exactly how to work the sail with the changing direction of the breeze and the boat.

A little before evening Annapurna sent for Tara inside and asked him: 'What do you usually have for supper?'

'Whatever I get,' was the reply, 'and some days I don't get anything at all!'

Annapurna was not a little disappointed at this lack of response. She felt she would like to feed and clothe and care for this homeless waif till he was made thoroughly happy, but somehow she could not find out what would please him. When a little later, the boat was moored for the night, she bustled about and sent out servants into the village to get milk and sweetmeats and whatever other dainties were to be had. But Tara contented himself with a very sparing supper and refused the milk altogether. Even Moti Babu, a man of few words, tried to press the milk on him, but he simply said: 'I don't care for it.'

Thus passed two or three days of their life on the river. Tara of his own accord, and with great alacrity, helped in the marketing and the cooking and lent a hand with the boatmen in whatever had to be done. Anything worth seeing never missed his keen glance. His eyes, his limbs, his mind were always on the alert. Like Nature herself, he was in constant activity, yet aloof and undistracted. Every individual has his own fixed standpoint, but Tara was just a joyous ripple on the rushing current of things across the infinite blue. Nothing bound him to past or future, his was simply to flow onward.

From the various professionals with whom he had associated, he had picked up many entertaining accomplishments. Free from all troubling, his mind had a wonderful receptivity. He had by heart any number of ballads and songs and long passages out of the dramas. One day, as was his custom, Moti Babu was giving a reading from the Ramayana to his wife and daughter. He was about to come to the story of Kusha and Lava, the valiant sons of Rama, when Tara could contain his excitement no longer. Stepping down from the deck into the cabin, he exclaimed, 'Put away the book, Sir. Let me sing you the story.' He then began to recite Dasarathi's version of the story, in a faultless flutelike voice, showering and scattering its wonderful rhymes and alliterations all over. The atmosphere became charged with a wealth of laughter and tears. The boatmen hung round the cabin doors to listen, and even the occupants of passing boats strained their ears to get snatches of the floating melody. When it came to an end, a sigh went forth from all the listeners — alas, that it should have finished so soon!

Annapurna, with her eyes brimming

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over, longed to take Tara into her lap and fold him to her bosom. Moti Babu thought that if only he could persuade the lad to stay on with them, he would cease to feel the want of a son. Only the little Charu, their daughter, felt as if she would burst with jealousy and chagrin!

Charu was the only child of her parents, the sole claimant to their love. There was no end to her whims and caprices. She had ideas of her own as to dress and toilet, but these were liable to constant fluctuations. So, whenever she was invited out, her mother was on tenter-hooks till the last moment, lest she should get something impossible into her head. If once she did not fancy the way her hair had been done, no amount of taking it down and doing it up again would be any good — the matter was sure to end in a fit of sulks. It was the same with most other things. When, however, she was in a good humor, she was reasonableness itself. She would then kiss and embrace her mother with a gushing affection, and distract her with incessant prattle and laughter. In a word, this little mite of a girl was an impossible enigma.

With all the fierceness of her untamed heart, Charu began to hate Tara. She took to tearfully pushing away her platter at dinner, the cooking was done so badly! She slapped her maid, finding fault with her for no rhyme or reason. In fine, she succeeded in making her parents thoroughly uncomfortable. The more interesting she, with the others, found Tara's varied accomplishments to be, the angrier she became. Since her mind refused to admit Tara's merits, how should she not be wild when they became too obtrusive?

When Tara first sang the story of Kusha and Lava, Annapurna had hoped that the music, which could have charmed the beasts of the forest, might serve to soften the temper of her wayward daughter. She asked her: 'And how did you like it, Charu?' A vigorous shaking of the head was all the reply she got, which translated into words must have meant: 'I did not like it, and I never will like it, so there!'

Divining that it was a pure case of jealousy, the mother gave up showing any attention to Tara in her daughter's presence. But when, after her early supper, Charu had gone off to bed, and Moti Babu was sitting out on deck with Tara, Annapurna took her seat near the cabin door and asked Tara to give them a song. As the melody flooded the evening sky, seeming to enrapture into a hush the villages reposing under the dusk, and filling Annapurna's tender heart with an ecstasy of unutterable love and beauty, Charu left her bed and came up sobbing: 'What a noise you are all making, mother! I can't get a wink of sleep!' How could she bear the idea of being sent off to bed alone, and all of them hanging round Tara, reveling in his singing?

Tara, for his part, found the tantrums of this little girl, with the bright black eyes, highly diverting. He tried his best to win her over by telling her stories, singing songs to her, playing on the flute for her — but with no success. Only when he plunged into the river for his daily swim, with his *dhoti* lifted short above his knees and tightened round his waist, his fair supple limbs cleaving the water with skillful ease, like some water-sprite at play, her curious gaze could not help being attracted. She would be looking forward every morning to his bath-time, but without letting anyone guess her fascination. And when the time came, this little untaught actress would fall to practise her knitting by the cabin window with a world of attention; only

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now and again her eyes would be raised to throw a casual, seemingly contemptuous glance at Tara's performance.

They had long passed by Nandigram, but of this Tara had taken no notice. The big boat swept onward with a leisurely movement, sometimes under sail, sometimes towed along, through river, tributary, and branch. The days of its inmates wore on like these streams with a lazy flow of unexciting hours of mild variedness. No one was in any kind of hurry. They all took plenty of time over their daily bath and food, and even before it grew quite dark the boats would be moored near the landing place of some village of sufficient size, against a woodland background lively with the sparkle of fireflies and the chirping of cicadas. In this way it took them over ten days to get to Katalia.

On the news of the *Zamindar* Babu's arrival, men, palanquins, and ponies were sent out to meet his boat, and the retainers fired off a salvo startling the village crows into noisy misgivings. Impatient of the delay occasioned by this formal welcome, Tara quietly slipped off the boat by himself, and made a rapid round of the village. Some he hailed as brother or sister, others as uncle or aunt, and in the short space of two or three hours he had made friends with all sorts and conditions of people.

It was perhaps because Tara acknowledged no bonds that he could win his way so easily into others' affections — anyhow, in a few days the whole village had capitulated unconditionally. One of the reasons for his easy victory was the quickness with which he could enter into the spirit of every class, as if he was one of themselves. He was not the slave of any habit, but he could easily and simply get used to things. With children he was just a child, yet aloof and superior. With his elders, he was not childish, but neither was he a prig. With the peasant, he was a peasant, without losing his Brahmahood. He took part in the work or play of all of them with zest and skill. One day, as he was seated at a sweetmeat-seller's, the latter begged him to mind the shop while he went on some errand, and the boy cheerfully sat there for hours, driving off the flies with a palmyra leaf. He had some knowledge of how to make sweetmeats; and could also take a hand at the loom, or at the potter's wheel, with equal ease.

But though he had made a conquest of the village, he had been unable to overcome the jealousy of one little girl; and it may be that just because he felt that this atom of femininity desired his banishment, with all her might, he made such a prolonged stay in Katalia.

But little Charu was not long in furnishing fresh proof of the inscrutability of the feminine mind. Sonamani, the daughter of the cook (a Brahman woman) had been widowed at the early age of five or six. She was now of Charu's age and her closest friend. She was confined to her quarters with some ailment when the family returned home, and so could not come to see her companion for some days. When at last she did turn up, the two bosom friends nearly fell out for good. This is how it happened.

Charu had started on the story of her travels with great circumstance. With the thrilling episode of the abduction of the gem, known as Tara, she had fully expected to raise her friend's curiosity and wonderment to the topmost pitch. But when she learned that Tara was not unknown to Sonamani, that he called Sonamani's mother aunt, and Sonamani called him *dada** — when she further gathered that Tara had not only charmed both mother and daugh-

* Elder brother.

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ter by playing songs of the loves of Radha and Krishna on the flute, but had actually made a bamboo flute for Sonamani with his own hand, and plucked fruit for her from treetops and flowers for her from brambly thickets — she felt as if a red-hot spear had been thrust into her.

That very day, Charu, on some different pretext, vowed eternal enmity to Sonamani. And going into Tara's room she pulled out his favorite flute, threw it on the floor and kicked and stamped and trampled it into shivers.

While she was thus furiously busy, Tara came into the room. The picture of passion which the girl presented amazed him. 'Charu!' he cried. 'Why are you smashing up my flute?'

'Serve you right. I'd do it again!' she screamed, as with flushed face and reddened eyes she gave the flute some more superfluous kicks and then ran away crying from the room.

Tara picked up his flute to find it utterly done for. He could not help laughing out loud to think of the sudden fate which had overtaken his unoffending instrument. Charu was becoming for him more and more an object of curiosity as days went by.

He found in this house other objects, also, which gave full scope to his curiosity. These were the English picture books in Moti Babu's library. Though his knowledge of the outside world was considerable, he found it difficult to enter fully into this world of pictures. He tried to make up for the deficiency by dint of his imagination. But that did not prove wholly satisfactory.

Finding the picture books so greatly attracting Tara, Moti Babu one day asked him: 'Would you like to learn English? You could then understand all about these pictures.'

'I would indeed!' exclaimed Tara.

Moti Babu, highly delighted, at once arranged with the head master of the village school to give him English lessons.

With his keen memory and undivided attention, Tara set to work at his English lessons. He seemed to have embarked on some adventurous quest and left all his old life behind. The neighbors saw no more of him, and when in the afternoon, just before it got dark, he would pace rapidly up and down the deserted riverside, getting up his lessons, his devoted band of boys looked on dejectedly from a distance, not daring to interrupt him.

Even Charu but rarely came across him. Tara had been used to come into the *zenana* for his meals, of which he partook leisurely, under the kindly eyes of Annapurna. He could no longer brook the loss of time which took place over all this, and begged Moti Babu's permission to be served in his room outside. Annapurna was grieved at the prospect of losing his company, and protested. But Moti Babu, glad to find the boy so mindful of his studies, fell in with the idea and so arranged it.

All of a sudden Charu announced that she also must and would learn English. Her parents at first took it as a great joke and laughed heartily over their little one's latest caprice. But she effectually washed away the humorous part of the proposal with a flood of tears; and her helplessly doting guardians had to take the matter seriously. Charu was placed under the same tutor and had her lessons with Tara.

But studiousness did not come naturally to this flighty little creature. She not only did not learn herself, but made it difficult for Tara to do so either. She would lag behind by not preparing her lessons, but would fly into a rage, or burst into tears, if Tara went on to the next one without her. When Tara was through with one book and had to get another, the same had to be procured for her also. Her jeal-

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ousy would not allow her to put up with Tara's way of sitting alone in his room to do his exercises. She took to stealing in, when he was not there, and daubing his exercise book with ink, or making away with his pen. Tara would bear these depredations as long as he could, and when he could not he would chastise her, but she could not be got to mend her ways.

At last, by accident, Tara hit upon an effective method. One day, as he had torn out an ink-bespattered page from his exercise book and was sitting there thoroughly vexed about it, Charu peeped in. 'Now I am going to catch it,' thought she. But as she came in, her hopes were disappointed. Tara sat quiet, without a word. She flitted in and out, sometimes edging near enough for him to give her a smack, if he had been so minded. But no, he remained as still and grave as ever. The little culprit was at her wit's end. She had never been used to begging pardon, and yet her penitent heart yearned to make it up. Finding no other way out, she took up the torn-out page and sitting near him wrote on it in a large, round hand: 'I will never do it again.' She then went through a variety of manœuvres to draw Tara's attention to what she had written. Tara could keep his countenance no longer, and burst out laughing. The girl fled from the room beside herself with grief and anger. She felt that nothing short of the complete obliteration of that sheet of paper, from eternal time and infinite space, would serve to wipe away her mortification!

Bashful, shrinking Sonamani would sometimes come round to the schoolroom door, hesitate at the threshold, and then take herself off. She had made it up with Charu, and they were as great friends as ever in all else, but where Tara was concerned Sonamani was afraid and cautious. So she usually chose the time when Charu was inside the *zenana*, to hover near the schoolroom door. One day Tara caught sight of the retreating figure and called out: 'Hullo, Sona, is that you? What 's the news: how is Aunt?'

'You have n't been to us for so long,' said Sonamani. 'Mother has a pain in the back, or she would have come to see you herself.'

At this point Charu came up. Sonamani was all in a flutter. She felt as if she had been caught stealing her friend's property. Charu, with a toss of her head, and her voice pitched shrill, cried out: 'For shame, Sonamani! To be coming and disturbing lessons! I 'll tell mother.' To hear Tara's self-constituted guardian, one would have thought that her sole care in life was to prevent the disturbance of his studies! What brought her here at this time, the Lord might have known, but Tara had no idea.

Poor, flustered Sonamani sought refuge in making up all kinds of excuses, whereupon Charu called her a nasty little story-teller and she had to slink away, owning complete defeat.

But the sympathetic Tara shouted after her: 'All right, Sona, tell your mother I'll go and see her this evening.'

'Oh! Will you?' sneered Charu. 'Have n't you got lessons to do? I 'll tell *Master masai** you see if I don't!'

Undeterred by the threat, Tara went over to Dame Cook's quarters one or two evenings. On the third, Charu went one better than mere threatening. She fastened the chain outside Tara's door and, taking a small padlock off her mother's spice-box, locked him in for the evening, only letting him out when it was supper time. Tara was excessively annoyed and swore he would not touch a morsel of food. The repentant girl, beside her-

* Respectful way of addressing or referring to a teacher of English.

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self, begged and prayed for forgiveness. 'I 'll never, never do it again,' she pleaded, 'I beg of you at your feet, do please have something to eat.' Tara was at first obdurate, but when she began to sob as if her heart would break, he had to turn back and sit down to his supper.

Charu had often and often said to herself that she would never again tease Tara and be very, very good to him, but Sonamani — or something or other — would get in the way and spoil her virtuous resolution.

And it came about that whenever Tara found her particularly quiet and good, he began to look out for an explosion. How or why it happened he never could make out, but there it was sure enough — a regular storm, followed by showers of tears — and then the bright sun shone out and there was peace.

Thus passed two whole years. Tara had never before permitted anyone to cage him for so long a time. Perhaps it was his attraction for the novelty of his studies; perhaps it was a change of character, due to increasing age, which made his restless spirit welcome the change to a restful life; perhaps, again, his pretty little fellow student, with her endless variety of teasing ways, had cast a secret spell over his heart.

Charu had reached her marriageable age. Moti Babu was anxiously casting about for a suitable bridegroom. But the mother said to her husband: 'Why are you hunting for bridegrooms, high and low? Tara is quite a nice boy — and our daughter is fond of him, too.'

The proposal took Moti Babu by surprise. 'How can that be?' he exclaimed. 'We know nothing of his family or antecedents. Our only daughter must make a good match.'

One day a party came over from the Raydanga *Zamindar's* to see the girl with a view to make a proposal. An attempt was made to get Charu dressed up and taken to the reception rooms outside. But she locked herself into her bedroom and refused to stir out. Moti Babu stood by the door and pleaded and scolded in vain; at last he had to return outside and make feeble excuses to the would-be bridegroom's party, saying his daughter was indisposed. They came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the girl which was sought to be concealed, and the matter fell through.

Then Moti Babu's thoughts came back to Tara. He was handsome and well-behaved, and in every way desirable. He could continue to live with them, and so the wrench of sending away their only child to another's house could be done away with. It also struck him that the willful ways of his little one, which seemed so readily excusable in her father's home, would not be so indulgently tolerated in that of her husband.

The husband and wife had a long talk about it and finally decided to send over to Tara's village in order to make inquiries. When the news was brought back that the family was respectable enough, but poor, a formal proposal was at once sent off to the mother and the elders. And they, overjoyed at the prospect, lost no time in signifying their consent.

Moti Babu discussed and settled the time and place of the wedding with his wife alone; with his habitual reticence and caution he kept the matter secret from everybody else.

Meanwhile, Charu would now and then make stormy raids on the schoolroom outside — sometimes angry, sometimes affectionate, sometimes contemptuous, but always disturbing. And gleams, as of lightning flashes, would create a hitherto unknown tumult in the once free and open sky

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of the boy's mind. His unburdened life now felt the obstruction of some network of dream-stuff into which it had drifted and become entangled. Some days Tara would leave aside his lessons and betake himself to the library, where he would remain immersed in the pictures. And the world, which his imagination now conjured up out of these, was different from the former one and far more intensely colored. The boy was struck with this change in himself, and conscious of a new experience.

Moti Babu had fixed upon a day in July for the auspicious ceremony, and sent out invitations, accordingly, to Tara's mother and relatives. He also instructed his agent in Calcutta to send down a brass band and the other innumerable paraphernalia necessary for a wedding. But to Tara he had not as yet said a word about the matter.

In the meantime the monsoon had set in. The river had almost dried up, the only sign of water being the pools left in the hollows; elsewhere the river bed was deeply scored with the tracks of the carts which had latterly been crossing over. The village boats, stranded high and dry, were half imbedded in the caking mud. Then all of a sudden one day, like a married daughter returning to her father's house, a swift-flowing current, babbling and laughing with glee, danced straight into the empty heart and outstretched arms of the village. The boys and girls romped about with joy and never seemed to get done with their sporting and spashing in the water, embracing their long lost friend. The village women left their tasks and came out to greet their boon companion of old. And everywhere fresh life was stirred up in the dry, languishing village.

Boats from distant parts, small and big, and of all varieties of shape, bringing their freight, began to be seen on the river, and the bazaars in the evening resounded with the songs of the foreign boatmen. During the dry season, the villages on either bank were left in their secluded corners, to while away the time with their domestic concerns, and then in the rains the great outside world would come a-wooing, mounted on his silt-red chariot, laden with presents of merchandise, and all pettiness would be swept away for a time in the glamour of the courting; all would be life and gayety, and festive clamor would fill the skies.

This year the Nag *Zamindars*, close by, were getting up a specially gorgeous car festival, and there was to be a grand fair. When, in the moonlit evening, Tara went sauntering by the river, he saw boat upon boat hurrying by, some filled with merry-go-rounds, others bearing theatrical parties, singing and playing as they went, and any number carrying traders and their wares. There was one containing a party of strolling players, with a violin vigorously playing a well-known tune, and the usual *ha! ha!* of encouragement boisterously shouted out every time it came back to the refrain. The up-country boatmen of the cargo boats kept up an unmeaning but enthusiastic din with their cymbals, without any accompanying song or tune. All was excitement and bustle.

And as Tara looked on, an immense mass of cloud rolled up from the horizon, spreading and bellying out like a great black sail; the moon was overcast; the east wind sprang up driving along cloud after cloud; the river swelled and heaved. In the swaying woods on the river banks the darkness grew tense, frogs croaked and shrill cicadas seemed to be sawing away at the night with their chirp.

All the world was holding a car festival that evening, with flags flying,

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wheels whirling and the earth rumbling. Clouds pursued each other, the wind rushed after them, the boats sped on, and songs leaped to the skies. Then, the lightning flashed out, rending the sky from end to end; the thunder crackled forth; and out of the depths of the darkness a scent of moist earth, from some rainfall near by, filled the air. Only the sleepy little village of Katalia dozed away in its corner, with doors closed and lights out.

Next day Tara's mother and brothers disembarked at Katalia and three big boats full of the various requirements of the wedding touched at the *Zamindar's* landing *ghat*. Next day Sonamani in great trepidation ventured to take some preserves and pickles to Tara's room and stood hesitating at his door. But next day there was no Tara to be seen. Before the conspiracy of love and affection had succeeded in completely hemming him in, the unattached, free-souled Brahman boy had fled, in the rainy night, with the heart of the village which he had stolen, back to the arms of his great world-mother, placid in her serene unconcern.

The Calcutta Review

SONNET

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

If I had ridden horses in the lists,
Fought wars, gone pilgrimage to fabled lands,
Seen Pharaoh's drinking cups of amethysts,
Held dead Queens' secret jewels in my hands —
I would have laid my triumphs at your feet,
And worn with no ignoble pride my scars.
But I can only offer you, my sweet,
The songs I made on many a night of stars.

Yet have I worshiped honor, loving you;
Your graciousness and gentle courtesy,
With ringing and romantic trumpets blew
A mighty music through the heart of me —
A joy as cleansing as the wind that fills
The open spaces on the sunny hills.

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TAXING WAR FORTUNES

BY HAROLD COX

THE zeal with which certain politicians have taken up the cry of taxing war fortunes is characteristic of political mentality. Any proposal that superficially appeals to the sentiment of justice is sure to be temporarily popular. Superficially, nothing could be more just than to insist that persons who made large fortunes out of the nation's needs during the war should be compelled to disgorge their plunder. So just in appearance is this proposal that the majority of people never pause to ask how the thing is to be done. Yet this is obviously the first question which any practical statesman ought to ask. How is it possible, two or three or four years after the event, to ascertain whether A, B, or C made excessive war profits? In Australia a record of war profits seems to have been kept, but there is no such record here. Even if it were possible to get at the facts, there is very little chance that the amount of money recoverable would represent any appreciable contribution toward the amount needed to pay off the national debt.

To begin with, what is an unjustifiable profit? During the war the Excess Profits Duty was imposed first at 50, then at 60, and finally at 80 per cent. By general agreement the last figure was too large, and did more harm than good. But, whatever the figure taken, the mere fact that the state established an Excess Profits Duty surely implies that the balance of profit left to the individual was in the view of the state at the time a legitimate one. If so, is the state now justified in going back on its previous arrangement and saying in effect: 'Although two years ago we said you were entitled to 20 per cent of the profits you made, we now mean to take that also away from you.' To most people whose minds are not influenced by Socialist ethics, or by the hunt for Socialist votes, such a course of procedure suggests sharp practice. Admittedly vast profits were made in spite of — or perhaps even in consequence of — the Excess Profits Duty, but for that the state was itself largely responsible by its own follies.

Further, it must be asked whether the proposed taxation of war profits is to be limited only to persons who made profits by the direction of industry or by the use of capital. Is the wage earner to be exempt? Not long ago I came across the case of a weekly wage earner who went into a munitions factory during the war and earned such high wages that he succeeded in saving just over £1,000, which he has now invested in business. This might fairly be described as an illustration of war profits. But though this particular man has now £1,000, or its equivalent, as the result of his high pay, combined with his prudence, thousands of other workmen who had equally high wages have spent the money they earned and have now nothing to show for it. They have spent their war profits. Therefore, if the workman who saved his war profits and prudently invested them is now to be made to disgorge, in effect the state will be saying:

'We intend to treat saving as a crime.'

The same consideration applies to many other cases of war profits. A

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good deal of the profits made have been spent past recovery, and those people who acted on the principle of 'Light come, light go,' now have very little in hand with which they could meet a war levy. They would either have to be exempted altogether or else sold up and reduced to bankruptcy. The latter would hardly be a wise step toward the rehabilitation of the nation's industries.

The whole truth of the matter is that the politicians are engaged on the impossible task of trying to find an easy way of escape from the hard fact that the nation has incurred a debt of £8,000,000,000. The honor of the nation and the future solvency of the nation are equally involved in the obligation to meet that debt and to pay interest upon it until it is paid off. That means either that we must cut down all our other expenditure so that our present revenue will suffice to meet the interest on the debt and to provide a sinking fund, or that we must increase our revenue by means of taxation. There is no other alternative. At present we are doing neither. On the contrary, we are still continuing to live on borrowed money. If the figures of expenditure for the present financial year be examined it will be seen that the government is still adding to the national debt at the rate of very nearly £2,000,000 a day. If that rate continues we shall, in this year of peace, add to our national debt a sum larger than the whole of the debt before the war.

The politicians refuse to cut down expenditure because they can win popularity by spending the taxpayers' money. At this moment they are still paying out an immense sum of money week by week to people who prefer idleness to industry. They are subsidizing the loaf; they are maintaining hosts of useless officials in the labor exchanges; and they are planning schemes of incalculable cost for education, for housing, for agricultural development, and so on. As a small detail in connection with agriculture, it is worth while to record that the government is now paying £30,000 a year to a body called the Agricultural Organization Society, which used to be a purely voluntary body, but which now receives, according to a striking article in *Farm Life* of October 18, a grant of public money in order that the politicians may use this society for their own propaganda.

That is characteristic of the larger part of our public expenditure at the present time. It is continued not in the public interest, but in the interest of private individuals who, in one way or another, are able to pull political wires. Every additional power which we entrust to the government will mean additional wastage of public money. The new scheme for taxing war profits, like the larger scheme for a general levy on capital, must have the effect of penalizing primarily the persons who have saved for the benefit of the persons who spend. Yet that is exactly the reverse of the policy which ought to be adopted at the present time. The financial trouble of to-day is due to over-spending — both on the part of the government and on the part of individuals. Therefore, the two things needed are to cut down government expenditure and to impose such taxes as are likely to discourage private expenditure.

The Sunday Times

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE famous Albey Theatre in Dublin is now housing a group known as the Munster Players. Of the plays presented, *The Yellow Bittern* appears to have won the most praise. It is by a Daniel Corkery, and the *Irish Times* remarks that it must be regarded as typical of his style. The characters, strongly drawn, are picturesque figures that move in a world apart, fantastic shapes that fascinate by their very eccentricity. Cathal Buidhe, an Ulster poet, seven times cursed for his sins, Shawn McDonnell, and Hugh McAleenan, old men with the poetic sense strong in their hearts, are types that find form on the canvas of an artist such as Jack Yeats. They remain indelibly fixed on the mind. Out of the strange tale concerning the death of Cathal Buidhe — when no mortal hands dare succor him in his desolation, and when the Virgin tends him in his last repentant moments — the author has woven a captivating little play which is likely to endure. It has the elements of Greek tragedy in its fateful gloom, but the tragic note is often changed by melodious diction, which flows as purely as a mountain stream. In its way, *The Yellow Bittern* is a little masterpiece that will enrich the treasury of Irish drama.

AN interesting view of things Bolshevist may be found in the following paragraph from the London *Morning Post*.

Generalizations about Russian tendencies are risky, even when they come from persons versed in Russian affairs; at two successive periods, first as undue disparagement, next as undue eulogy and extravagant hopes, they very nearly wrecked British foreign policy. But one general observation about current Russian history is fairly safe; the decay of doctrinaire Bolshevism is quickly proceeding among all the Bolsheviki who really count; and a clear-sighted, unshrinking, and judiciously unprincipled power-policy is taking its place.

The skill, particularly in the military and economic domains, which is now being shown would have consolidated the Soviet system definitively had it been applied in time. But it needed two years of revolutionary flux — personal intrigues, shiftings of high officials and general fluidity — to bring the really able Bolsheviki to the top; and so, with the exception of Trotzky, whose talents no one doubts, the military and industrial organizers are relatively new. But as no man could emerge from the Bolshevist welter unless he had tough moral characteristics, the characteristics of the man who stays, we have to-day a Bolshevist oligarchy as crystallized and stable as was the bureaucracy of the Tsars. Power to-day, as then, is nourished only on power, not on principles. So the first easy task of every leader of the administration, of the army, of the all-embracing Council of National Economy, is to shed what thin rags he had of the old communistic, liberationist ideology, and to put on the easy costume of Things as They Are.

This means conflict. Only a few men out of millions can reach high office; and as the out-of-office Bolsheviki, often talented men, but usually without political dexterity, persist in dreaming the old world-betterment dreams, they move into greater opposition to the oligarchy in measure as the oligarchy recedes from doctrinaire Bolshevism and grips the sceptre more tightly. So far, the magnates have tolerated their party comrades' criticism; but the criticism daily grows sharper; and when, if ever, the malcontents summon courage to act, they will certainly be proscribed in a lump with the non-Bolshevist Royalists, Cadets, Mensheviki, and such of the Social-Revolutionaries as still forswear the Bolshevist creed. Then we shall have the ultimate division of parties — Bolsheviki not only *contra mundum*, but contra Bolshevism itself.

REUTER reports the wreck on King Island, sixteen miles north of Nome, Alaska, of the schooner Casco. The Casco became famous from the day in 1888 when

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Robert Louis Stevenson chartered her from an American millionaire and set sail on a cruise that terminated in his voluntary exile in the South Seas. In Stevenson's day she was a topsail schooner, over-rigged and over-sparred, and 'built on a very dangerous sailing plan.' She was, in fact, a racer with most graceful lines, luxuriously fitted up, and, with her great white sails, white deck, and glittering brasswork, sat like a bird on the waters. At Honolulu the natives, to Stevenson's delight, called her 'the silver ship.'

THE British estate market is very active just now, and unusual properties frequently make their appearance for sale. Some months ago a whole town was offered, at another time an island. Recently there was sold some property at Clacton-on-Sea which included two Martello Towers. These towers, which were built in great numbers all along the southern coast in 1804, when Napoleon was threatening invasion from Boulogne, probably never had much military value, although they mounted a gun each. Their appearance is familiar enough to many of those who visit the South Coast holiday resorts — there is a fine specimen at Dymchurch, for instance. They are round structures of solid masonry, about forty feet high, with a door some twenty feet from the ground, reached by a ladder. There are two stories, and a flat roof meant for mounting guns. The name is a corruption of Mortella, a tower of this type at Cape Mortella, in Corsica, having opposed a vigorous resistance to the English Fleet in 1794, and so established with our authorities a high reputation for defense, which led to the adoption of the design over here. The towers show that the War Office has good precedent for spending large sums on useless fortifications. Occasionally, we believe, some of the towers have been let at a few pounds a year to people who have attempted to live in them, but apparently stone walls six feet thick and a front door half-way up have a gloomy and depressing effect not compensated for by their undoubted solidity, as we have never heard of one being converted into a permanent abode. However, nowadays people are glad to live anywhere, and for those at present houseless the choice of walls to shelter them seems likely to lie between six feet of stone and no ventilation, and half an inch of wood with ventilation between every two planks.

SEVERAL of the papers read recently before the Church Congress on the subject of the Christian doctrine of the future life dealt specially with the relationship of that question to spiritualism. The Dean of St. Paul's at the outset contended that many people 'asked for religion without the Cross and without the Resurrection.' But he maintained that there would soon be a new yearning for the beyond and a new faith and hope in the eternal and unseen. While the Dean of St. Paul's referred to the 'pitiable revival of necromancy,' the Dean of Manchester maintained that it was altogether too late to dismiss the whole subject of spiritualism as fraud. The session ended with a striking speech by the Reverend J. A. V. Magee, who cast ridicule on the revelations of certain mediums, and uttered a challenge to Sir A. Conan Doyle, concluding with an eloquent peroration with reference to the 'communion of the Church which is certain, in place of communications which are doubtful,' and 'voices coming, not from the medium of the planchette, but through sacramental channels.' No speech during the day made a greater impression.

The Dean of St. Paul's dealt with 'The Christian Doctrine of the Future Life' with less reference to spiritualism than did the Dean of Manchester and other succeeding speakers. We sometimes forgot, he said, how very little of the conception of the goal of faith and hope which had become popular among Christians came from Christ Himself, who spoke about the future life only in parables. Clearly, no one else had any authentic information to give us. But until our own day the world beyond, however conceived, had always been called and believed to be the true home of the Christian. It was only in modern times, and most strongly in the half century before the war, that the belief in eternal life had lost its roots in the soul. He was not speaking of the irreligious but of the religious. The belief in another world was

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fading out of our teaching and out of our life. He had noticed again and again how a congregation lost its interest in a sermon if one began to talk about heaven and hell. This cause was not due to science, nor could it be the result of the decay of belief in spirits and ghosts, for that belief had, in fact, revived as a dismal substitute for Christian faith. It was the result of the transference of hope from the ideal to the actual, from heaven to earth. The mass of the people asked for a religion without the cross and without the resurrection. As a result of the war and the peace we should soon be much nearer to the conditions under which Christianity won its early victories. Therewith would come a new yearning for the beyond, and a new faith and hope in the eternal and unseen. This world could never give us the satisfaction of our desires or the fulfillment of our hopes. But modern science had made the very notion of a theological topography absurd. Dean Inge continued:

'It is no loss from the Christian point of view, but rather more has gone with it than the average man and woman recognize. We can no longer believe in a localized heaven and hell, and I cannot pretend to myself that the belief in a resuscitation of our bodies stands where it did, and do not the pictures of splendid rewards and ferocious punishments belong to a bygone conception of retributive justice? We must accustom ourselves to think of our immortality in a more spiritual manner, and we must not shrink from admitting that we know very little indeed. St. Paul has told us plainly why we know so little.' Immortality was something far more than, and something different from, mere survival through unending time. He was sure he need not warn his hearers against the pitiable revival of necromancy, in which many desolate and bleeding hearts had sought a spurious satisfaction. If that kind of afterlife were true it would indeed be a melancholy postponement or negation of all that we hoped and believed about our blessed dead. Belief in immortality firmly held must needs transform everything for us in this world.

Reverend J. A. V. Magee's vigorous condemnation is thus reported:

The Reverend J. A. V. Magee (London) said spiritualism, like spirits, was in the air. It was a passion, it was more than a craze. There was a wave of psychic feeling passing through England to-day; it numbered its frauds and charlatans, but it also numbered its professors and earnest seekers. Sir A. Conan Doyle was moving from city to city casting out common sense and ministering to a popular craze. Every third or fifth young lady they met imagined herself, because she was a little bit psychic, a modern St. Theresa or St. Catherine. He wished to press home first of all the fraud of these things, and then finally show their unlimited peril. First, as to fraud. There was a vast amount of fraud which was not altogether fraud. Cardinal Newman had been called in to bless a *séance*, and had forgotten his Latin — he had said 'Benedicat,' instead of 'Benedicat.' George Eliot was called, and she had forgotten her grammar, and Julius Cæsar got muddled in his geography. They were frauds *in extenso*, but spiritualism was not altogether a fraud. Whether it was fraud or not it was amazing how little of any real value had come through to them, despite the efforts of the Psychical Research Society.

It was Sir William Barrett, one of the founders of the society, who warned the majority of the people against dabbling where he worked cautiously. How utterly inefficient were the messages, or what purported to be messages, that came from the unseen world. Mr. Stead, who was a past-master in this matter, got some communication from Mr. F. W. Myers from the unseen world, which he ultimately published. In these communications, Mr. Myers informed the present world that he was walking through passages looking for Tennyson. Did that impress them as a valuable communication concerning life beyond? Or again, if they read Raymond and saw the pitifulness of some of those communications, he could only say that if the life beyond be as Raymond described it, he would personally prefer to take unfurnished lodgings in Gehenna. There was a grave peril to countless parishioners of their own, and it was a peril they dared not ignore, and he challenged Sir A. Conan Doyle to deny if he would and dare that this thing

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involved great peril to mental, moral, and physical health. Sir A. Conan Doyle asked every young woman in England to try her hand and see if she could develop into a good medium. As a doctor he knew that he was incurring the gravest responsibility in making such a suggestion as that. He had, unfortunately, admitted in one of his speeches at a *séance* that they could get into touch either with a sprite or an archangel; and it rested with them. With apologies to Sir A. Conan Doyle, that was an eternal truth, and also an eternal lie. It was true they could get into touch with a sprite or an archangel; it was quite untrue that it rested with them because they could not become obsessed with these evil spirits who were doing their utmost to get back into this life, and when they got possession of them they did not go as readily as they came. He gave a number of instances where men and women had become mentally deranged through the influence of spiritualism. The peril was not an imaginary one, but a terribly real one. What could the Church do in this matter? In the first place the Church could give them not communication, which was doubtful, but communion, which was certain. The Church could tell them that there were voices from the unseen, but that they came not from the medium of the planchette or the *séance*, but through those sacramental channels which had been the channels of communion from Christ's day until now. The Church could tell them of saints whom they might call upon in the name of God to help them in this earthly pilgrimage. The Church was the meeting-place between the living and the dead. He concluded by asking the Church to take the question up and proclaim it with no uncertain voice. He suggested that some committee might be appointed to investigate these matters from a Christian standpoint.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

R. Seton-Watson is an English journalist who holds high rank as an authority on Austro-Hungarian and Balkan affairs.

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W. T. Goode is a staff correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

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Henri Bordeaux, critic and novelist, is familiar to many American readers. His novels *The Fear of Living* and *Footprints Beneath the Snow* are accessible in translation.

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Rabindranath Tagore, poet, novelist, and Nobel prize winner, is likewise no stranger to Americans.

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Harold Cox, standard bearer of the realist and conservative point of view in economics and political theory, is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

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THE OLD MOLE TRAPPER

BY JAMES A. MACKERETH

Earth's very son, as dumbly wise,
The color of the tawny clay,
With flaxen lashes over eyes
Blue as a pool in May;
Hunched, as a heron still, he stands,
On a gnarled ash crook his crossed gnarled hands.

With drooping head, and waiting ear
Cocked bird-like toward the secret ground,
Patient he lists as if to hear
The silent soil turn sound.
Far off a troubled pheasant's cry
Rakes the gray quiet of plain and sky.

He heeds not. The quick chuckling notes
Sailing down sobbing silence die.
Bemused with his slow-passing thoughts,
With lingering heart and eye,
Hears he the darkly-delving mole,
Or the ghostly steps of his own soul?

Quiet-limbed and large he seems to be
Thought's image, 'tranced by powers unknown;
Mid Nature's charmed monotony
A breathing monotone;
The furrowed fields in passive grace
Are mirrored in his furrowed face.

He seems 'gainst wide horizons gray
Kin to yon tempest-humbled thorn,
A being mid large level day
Alone yet not forlorn,
One with grave things that years pass by
And leave in patience wise to die.

A thing meek mosses gravely dress
He seems, mute mate of mounds and stones;
A changeless quiet limitless
Drenches him, soul and bones:
So aloof from life, to time so dim,
Thought grows half fear with watching him.

Somewhere he has a hearth, a home
On a lone land's lornmost lea,
Where lives of the waste in silence come.
But seldom there goes he:
About his dreams at midnight hour
Earth is a mist and heaven a flower.

In truth I feel that could one come
Here quietly in a thousand years
That hunched old man would still stand dumb
Among his patient peers —
These furrowed fields, that naked thorn-tree,
This wide sky's gray passivity.

To-day

THE CHANGELING

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Strayed from some half-remembered world,
Into a world not mine,
What wonder, while the others thrive,
I dwindle and pine?

Strange is the light upon their earth
And strange in their strange skies,
Through the unfriendly day and night.
Their sun and moon rise.

Earth's pleasant joys and amities
Are theirs and theirs alone;
My fears and my heart's emptiness
And my tears are my own.

To-day

PORTRAIT

BY FRANCIS REEVES

Visage mystique et charnel;
Contradiction apparente,
Ainsi l'instant et l'éternel—
Visage de pensée ardente.

Il se donne et se veut secret;
Son sourire est de fortitude;
Son regard tremble du reflet
D'un univers d'inquiétude.

The Anglo-French Review

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